PASTOR FIDO:

OR, THE

Faithful Shepherd.

A

PASTORAL.

As it is Acted at the DUKE's Theatre.

Syluestrem resonare doces Amaryllida Syluas. Virg.

Licensed, *Decemb.* the 26th. 1676.

Roger L'Estrange.

LONDON,

Printed for *William Cademan*, at the *Popes-Head* in the Lower Walk of the *New Exchange* in the *Strand*, 1677.

its could

Tr. R.
S 495 P.

TO THE

Right Honourable,

THE

LADY ELIZABETH DELAVAL.

SInce your Ladyship has such great Advantages of Fortune in those particular Blessings, Wit and Beauty, the best Companions of Quality; this Trouble is no more than what in Reason ought to be expected: For Dedications are but little better than Prologues and Epilogues; the general Subject of 'em is, to Persecute the Witty and the Fair. Your Ladyships Perfections give me an ample Theme, and your Kindness to this Poem gives me boldness to make use of it. But Virtues in Persons so Nobly descended, are but things Necessitated; your Ladyships Merits

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could not be less, since they are derived from such Illustrious Parents. The Loyal Earl of *Newbrogh*, by his Personal Actions in the Wars, and his constant following the Kings Fate beyond-Sea, made himself so considerable an Enemy to the Rebellious Party, that they used all their Arts, and laid all the Baits of Interest to have made him their Friend; but their Impious Cause, and their slighted proffers appeard so detestable, that he proved his Valour and Fidelity equally Impregnable. And to summe up his Character, he was a Person that made the Field his Temple, Majesty his Divinity, and his Life and Fortunes, the Sacrifices he offered: Nor were his Heroick Vertues unmatcht in the Famous *Lady Anbeny*, whose Industrious Loyalty, and more than Female Courage, renderd her so Conspicuous, that, though Success and Victory were the Rebels constant Slaves, and the spight of Fate had made 'em continually Prosperous, both in their Councels and their Arms; yet such were her Indefatigable Services to the Royal Cause, as made her Admired by the World, and Feared even by the Invincible: witness her Imprisonment in the Tower, from whence by a miraculous Escape from her

Con-

Confinement, and her threaten'd Martyrdome; as she lived a Champion for *Loyalty*, she dyed an Exile for it. Nor is your Ladyship less Indebted to Providence for your Education than your Birth, in the Affinity and Patronage of the *Lady Stanhope*, a Person of so much Worth and Honour, so truly Generous, and so excellently Good. But my design is not that of a Herauld, but a Petitioner. The *Faithful Shepherd* begs Acceptance, and the better to obtain that Favour, I may without a Crime boast of some Merit in the Present I make, since it borrows its Value from the Esteem'd *Guarini*; and I have one encouragment more to devote it here, knowing it has formerly been your Ladyships Diversion. If I am Censured by the Admirers of *Pastor Fido* for being so bold with so received a *Poem*, I only make this Apology, that *Plays* are so strictly tyed up to Fashion, that like costly Habits, they are not Beautiful without it. I confess I have taken a great deal of *Liberty* in the Characters of *Sylvano* and *Coriska*, because they were not kept up in the Author: The first of which, in the Translated *Pastor Fido* (for I am a Stranger to the *Italian*) flag'd in the second Act, and was wholly lost in the two last.

And

And the part of *Dorinda* was made up new to fit it for the person design'd to Act it: And the two last Acts which have so little of the Authors, have still his design, only that I have represented what was but Narrative in the Original. But what-ever advantages I may have received from so famed a Story, & so good a Foundation, my greatest is, the occasion it gives me of expressing my self,

MADAM,

Your Ladyships most Obedient

and most Devoted Servant,

Elkanah Settle.

PROLOGUE.

WEll Gallants, when we tell you we've been just
To the Renown'd Guarinies *sacred Dust;*
And to secure your good Opinions, say,
We've brought an admired Relique into play:
Me-thinks I hear a young brisk Critick Swear,
Ounds, do they think we're Antiquaries here.
Rot the dull Rhiming Fops of the last Age:
Damne 'em, they'l bring the British Bards o'th' Stage.
There's your Condemning Vote. Of all Man-kind,
Unhappy Writers the lest mercy find.
A Play, but for one fault in the Design;
A hobling Verse, dull Thought, or a flat Line,
Is lost beyond the pow'r of a Reprieve.
Yet there are greater faults you can forgive.
As for example, some of you by Fate,
And your kind Parents, get a great Estate;
And having other ways t'employ your Wit,
Then in the foolish care of keeping it:
Straight a Grave, Sober, Guardian-Steward comes
To read your Papers, and to count your Sums.
Whom we soon see by Industry and Care,
Out of his three-score pounds allowance, clear
In seaven years space, a thousand pound a year.
Yet he good honest Man shall be forgiven.
Another keeps a Miss the modish way;
And when poor Duns, quite weary, will not stay,
The hopeless Squire's into Alsatia *driven;*
Yet pretty Charming Sinner is forgiven.
And yet these very Men for three hours spent
At a dull Play, what Rage and Fire they'l vent.
Since greater Losses go so easily down;
Faith Gallants do not pine for Half a Crown.

Actors

Actors Names.

Montano, High Priest of *Diana*.	Mr. *Medbourn*
Sylvio, his Son.	Mr. *Crosby*.
Mirtillo, in Love with *Amaryllis*.	Mr. *Smith*.
Titiro, Father to *Amaryllis*.	Mr. *John Lee*.
Sylvano, A discontented Shepherd.	Mr. *Batterton*.
Ergasto, Friend to *Mirtillo*.	Mr. *Norris*.
Carino, Foster-Father to *Mirtillo*.	Mr. *Perseval*.
Dameta, An old Shepherd, Servant to *Mirtillo*.	Mr. *Richards*.
Lynco, An old Shepherd and Governour to *Sylvio*.	Mr. *Gillo*.
Dorco, Attendant to *Sylvano*.	

Amaryllis, Daughter to *Titiro*.	Mrs. *Batterton*.
Corisca, In Love with *Mirtillo*.	Mrs. *Mary Lee*.
Dorinda, A young Nymph in Love with *Sylvio*.	Mrs. *Petty*.
Gerana, Her *Governess*.	Mrs. *Hughes*.
Celia, Confident to *Corisca*.	Mrs. *Napier*.

Singers, Dancers, Nymphs, Shepherd's, Hunts-men, Priests, Guards, Heads-man.

The Scene ARCADIA.

Paſtor Fido.

ACT the Firſt.

After a ſound of Horns, and cry of Hunts-men,
Enter *Silvio* and *Lynco*.

Silvio.

THere's Muſick in this ſound, Life, Soul, and Charm.
What Breaſt ſo frozen, but this ſport can warm?
Deſerted Woods, and unfrequented Plains,
And you, your Countreys ſhame, poor frighted Swayns,
I am your Champion; 'tis by Me decreed,
The long diſturber of your Peace ſhall bleed.
This Savage Bore muſt Dye.

Lynco. "Oh *Silvio*,
" Had I thy freſh and blooming Cheek, adieu
" I'de ſay to Beaſts, and nobler Game purſue.

Silv. A Game more noble? what more Sacred task,
Could Fortune grant, or his Ambition ask,
Who for his Country does with Monſters fight,
And the VVo[illegible] Terrour makes his dear delight?

Lync. This Savage Chace leave t'an Ignobler hand:
A fairer Prize does your purſuit demand.
For which——
No leſs does the *Arcadian* ſafety call,
Then for this Erymanthian Monſters fall.
Have not our Oracles long ſince deſign'd
From *Silvios* Nuptials, we our Peace ſhould find?

" And thou
" To have a Nymph so fair, that not a Swain
" So proud, but sighs for her, and sighs in vain:
" To have this matchless bright Divinity
" By Destiny and Gods reserved for Thee;
" Nay thrown into thy Arms without one sigh or tear;
" And thou (unworthy) not to value her?

Silv. Love, the dull Fetter of all slavish souls;
No such weak power my free-born mind controuls.

Lync. " Oh *Silvio*, hadst thou tryed Love once, & found
" In Mutual Lovers, what true Joys abound,
" I know thou'dst say, Oh Love, the sweetest Guest,
" Why hast thou been a stranger to this Breast?
" Leave, leave the Woods; leave following Beasts, fond Boy,
" And follow Love.

Silv. Love, an unmanly Joy!
" Keep they those Pleasures to themselves alone
" Who find a Soul in 'em, for I find none.

" *Lync.* No Soul in Love, the Worlds great Soul! Dull (Youth
" Too soon (believ't) thou'lt find this pow'rful Truth;
" Perchance too late; for he'l be sure, before
" We dye, to make us all once feel his pow'r.
" And be assur'd, worse torment none can prove,
" Than in old Limbs, the Youthful Itch of Love.
" Old Men
" In Love are doubly wrackt, both with the sense
" Of their Youths Pride, and Ages Impotence.

Silv. Must then my Youth for glorious Actions lent,
Be on dull Woman, prodigally spent?
" For those *Chimeras* in a Lovers head,
" Those strange Elysiums by Mens Feavours bred?

Lync. " Tell me, if in this pleasing month of *May*,
" When Earth is drest in all her rich array,
" Instead of bladed Fields, Brooks uncontrol'd,
" Green Woods, and painted Meads, thou should'st behold,
" Bald Fields and Meads, Brooks bound with Ice; the Pine,
" The Beech, the Ash, the Oak, the Elme, the Vine,

" And

" And Poplar-like inverted Sceletons
" Stand desolate, ratling their naked bones:
" Wouldst thou not say, Nature is out of Tune,
" The World is sick, and like to dye in *June*?
Now turn thy Eyes into thy self, and see
How ill thy Passions, with thy Youth, agree:
" Behold a much more monstrous Novelty
" Then this would seem in Nature. Courteous Heaven
" To every Age has proper humours given.
" And as in Old Men, Love absurdly shews;
" So Young Men, Enemies to Love, oppose
" Nature and Heaven. Look *Silvio* round about,
" Examine this whole Universe throughout;
" All that is fair or good, here or above,
" Is either Lover, or the work of Love.

Sylv. How canst thou with such trecherous Arts perswade:
And thus the freedom of my Soul invade?
" Was it for this I had my tender years
" Committed to the care of thy grey hairs?
" That thou shouldst thus Effeminate my heart
" With Love? Know'st who I am, or who thou art?

Lynco. " Thou art a Man, or should'st be one, and I
" Another; what I teach Humanity.
" And if thou scorne'st that name, which is thy Pride,
" Take heed, instead of being Deified,
" Thou turn not Beast.

Silv. " That Monster-taming King,
" From whom my lofty Pedigree I bring,
" Had never been thus Valiant, nor thus Famed,
" If first the Monster Love he had not tamed,
And his great deeds by Glorys Standart framed.

Lync. See foolish Youth, how weak thy Reasons prove;
" Had great *Alcides* never been in Love,
" How then had'st thou been born? If he o're-came
" Monsters and Men, to Love impute his Fame;
" To Love his Conquests. Souls like his untamed,
" In their own Nature rough, when once inflamed
" With generous Love, and with its Sweets allayd,
" Are clearer, apter for great actions made.

" If thou'rt Ambitious then to imitate
" Great *Hercules*, and not degenerate
" From thy high blood; since Woods thou dost affect,
" Follow the Woods, but do not Love neglect.
Not that I'de have thee thy mean thoughts debase
To poor *Dorindas* Love of low-born race.
Thy *Amaryllis* is of race Divine;
Besides by Contract, she's already thine.
Thy Wife already.

Silv. Heav'n defend me!

Lync. How?

Silv. My Wife?

Lync. Can *Silvio* forget his Vow?
Your mutual promises received, and given?
" Take heed, bold Youth, how you dare sport with Heav'n.

Silv. " Mans freedom is Heav'ns gift, which does not take
" Us at our words, when a forc'd Vow we make.

Lync. " I; but (unless our Hopes and Judgments fail)
" Heav'n made this Match, and promis'd to Entayl
" A thousand blessings on't.

Silv. " 'Tis like that there
" Is nothing else to do. A proper care
" To vex the calm rest of the Gods above.
Lynco, I scorn both Lovers Oaths, and Love. [*Exit.*

Lynco. " Thou sprung from Heav'n, harsh Boy? nor of
(Divine
" Can I say suppose thee, nor of humane line.
" *Alecto's* Poyson thy cold Limbs did fashion;
" Fair *Venus* had no hand in thy Creation. *Exit.*

SCENE the Second.

Enter Mirtillo *and* Ergasto.

Mirt. " Fair *Amaryllis*, if by speaking, I
" Offend thee, I will hold my peace, and dye.

Erg. " *Mirtillo*, Love is a great pain at best;
" But so much more, the more it is suppress.
Why do you inward burn, and find no tongue?

Mirt.

Mirt. "My fear, and my respect to her, thus long,
"Have silenc'd me. Alas, too well I know,
"Nor has Love struck me blind, that in my low
"And slender Fortunes, it were idle pride
"To hope a Nymph so shaped, so qualified,
"So rais'd in Birth, in Spirit, and in Blood,
"Above all these so gentle, and so good,
"Can e're be mine. No; I have took the height
"Of my unhappy Star, and dread my Fate.
But *Amaryllis* Weds; say, does she not?
Erg. 'Tis so resolved.
Mirt. Oh my unhappy Lot!
Now Destiny has done its cruellest part,
Despair till now, but hover'd round my heart.
Till now, amid'st the greatest of my fear,
Some glimmering hope at distance did appear:
My wishing Love did the kind Flatterer play;
And though 'twas Night, me-thoughts I dreamt of Day.
But now my Horrour runs through all my Veins:
Despair fills up my heart, and absolute Tyrant reigns.
Past all recovery she's gone, she's gone.
I see the Prize by a blest Favourite won;
From my weak arms for ever, ever, torne;
I see the Mirtle Wreath my Rivals brows adorn.
And now *Ergasto*, e're my heart quite break,
"Though 'tis too late, I am resolv'd I'le speak.
Erg. "Woe be to her, should her stern Father hear.
"That to stoln prayers she ever lent an Ear.
Mirt. Alas my Looks and Language shall be far,
Both from offending him, and injuring her.
"I'le only say to her I owe my Death,
"And beg, when I sigh out my latest breath,
"She'd cast her fair Eyes on me, and say, Dye;
"This favourable Boon she can't deny:
That e're she goes to make another Blest,
My Sighs may reach her Ear, though not her Breast.
"*Silvio*, the Rich, the Gallant, and the Fair,
"The Priest, *Montanoes* only Son and Heir;

"'Tis.

" 'Tis he (oh envied Youth) whose joy appears
" So ripe for Harvest in his Spring of years.
Erg. " Indeed you've little cause to envy him;
Rather to pitty him.
Mirt. To pitty him!
Can pitty such a happy State befit?
Ergast. " Because he Loves her not.
Mirt. " And has he Wit?
" Has he a heart? Is he not blind? And yet
" When I consider with what full Aspect
" Her Starry Eyes their influence direct
" Into my Breast, she cannot have a Dart
" Left in her Quiver for another heart.
" But why do they a Jem so precious throw,
" To one that knows it not, and scorns it so?
Erg. Because from *Silvios* Marriage, Heav'n of old,
T'*Arcadia* has deliverance fore-told:
You, though a Stranger here, have understood,
That of an offer'd Virgins guiltless blood,
A Tribute by *Dianas* dire command
Is yearly paid by this unhappy Land.
Mirt. " But what strange Crime deserved so sharp a Doom?
" How could such monstrous cruelty find room
" In a Celestial mind?
Erg. The cause of all
This storm, was one of *Cynthias* Favourites fall:
Her best-lov'd Priest, a Youth of Noble blood,
By an inconstant Nymphs fair Eyes subdu'd;
And by her Vows and broken Oaths betray'd,
In desperation for this Perjur'd Maid,
Himself, before her Feet, a bloody Victim laid.
Whose Death *Diana* did so much incense,
That by a long and violent Pestilence,
A suffering Nation in her fall was crusht:
In Purple dye her killing fury blusht:
Nor could the dying Criminals blood alone,
Wash off her stain, and for her sins atone.
Mirt. But how did you at last the Goddess rage appease?
Erg. Our Cure's almost as ill, as our Disease. " For

" For going to consult Heav'ns Will, we from
" The Oracle received this fatal Doom,
" *That yearly, we to Nights offended Queen;*
" *A Maid or Wife should offer, past fifteen,*
" *And under twenty;* by which means, the rage
" That swallow'd thousands, one death should assuage.
Mirt. And was this Barbrous Tribute by her will,
Doom'd to be paid for ever?
Erg. " The Oracle
" Being askt agen, what end our Woe should have;
" To our demand, this punctual answer gave.
" *Your Woe shall end, when two of Race Divine;*
" *Love shall Combine:*
" *And for a faithless Nymphs Apostate State,*
" *A faithful Shepherd supererrogate.*
" Now there is left in all *Arcadia,*
" Of Heav'nly stock, no other branch but they.
" Young *Silvio,* and fair *Amarillis,* She
" From *Pan* descended, from *Alcides,* He;
" And to our grief, till now, there never yet
" Of Heav'nly Race, a Male and Female met.
On this a Nations hope depends; the rest
" Is still reserv'd in Fates own secret breast;
" And with this Marriage, one day will ensue.
Mirt. " And all this poor *Mirtillo* to undo.
" What a long reach is here? what Armys Band
" Against one heart, half murder'd to their hand?
" Is't not enough that cruel Love's my Foe,
" Unless Fate too contrives my over-throw.
Erg. " Alas *Mirtillo,* grieving does no good;
" Tears quench not Love, but are its Milk and Food.
" 'T shall scape me hard, but e're the Sun descend,
" This Cruel One shall hear thee: Courage Friend.
Mirt. That word has shot life through me; do but this,
And to repay you for so vast a Bliss,
When I am Dead, and her fair Hand has given
The killing-wound, I'le send you thanks from Heav'n.

Exeunt.

Scene

SCENE the Third.

Enter Coriſca *and* Celia.

Coriſca. Yonder he goes; oh that bewitching Face;
" When I behold *Mirtilloes* every grace,
" His unaffected Carriage, all his Charms;
What pleaſing heat my panting Boſom warms?
But when I think anothers Chains he wears,
And will be deaf to all my Sighs and Pray'rs,
That diſmal thought my bleeding heart-ſtrings tears.
" Shall I the flame of thouſand hearts, the wrack
" Of thouſand Souls, languiſh and burn, and lack
" That pitty I denyed to others? I
Who kill by Cruelty, by fondneſs dye.

Celia. Talk not of dying, Death's an end of pain
To thoſe that Love but once, and never Love again:
But thanks to Heav'n, you've no ſuch danger nigh,
You have that pleaſing Charm, Variety;
Let thoſe that ſtarve in Love, complain they dye.

Coriſc. Yes Girl, had I no other Love but this,
In Love there would be very little Bliſs.
" How extream poor muſt that ill Houſe-VViſe prove,
" Who in all the World keeps but one only Love.
" What's Faith?
" What's Conſtancy? Tales which the Jealous feign,
" To awe fond Girls; Names as abſurd as vain?
" Faith in a Woman (if at leaſt there be
" Faith in a Woman unreveal'd to me,)
" Is not a Virtue, nor a Heav'nly Grace,
" But the ſad Penance of a ruind Face,
" That's pleas'd with one, 'cauſe it can pleaſe no more.
A thouſand fetter'd Slaves, ſhould all before
A Beauteous Face, fall proſtrate, and adore.
" What's Beauty, tell me,
" If not purſued? where Lovers numerous are,
" It is a ſign the perſon Lov'd is rare;
A Creature Charming, excellently fair.

Celia.

Celia. You Beauties then like Majesty in State,
" Keep a large Train. One Officer to wait,
" Another to present, a third to prate,
" A fourth for somewhat else.

Coriſc. Well *Celia*, when thy opening Beauty blows,
Grown up to Love, take my advice, and use
" Thy Lovers, like thy Garments, put on one;
" Have many; often shift, and wear out none.
" For daily Converſation breeds distaſt;
" Distaſt Contempt, and Loathing at the laſt.
" Then get the ſtart, let not the Servant ſay,
" He has turn'd his Mrs, but ſhe him away.
" Theſe are the rules I take; I've choyce, and ſtrive
" To pleaſe 'em all; to this, my hand I give,
" And wink on him; the handſom'ſt I admit
" Into my Boſom; but not one ſhall get
" Into my Heart; and yet I know not how]
" (Ay me) *Mirtillo's* crept too near it now.

Celia. For ſhame, leave ſighing Siſter, have more Pride;
You that have got ſo many Loves beſide,
Cure this fond Thirſt by ſome more pleaſing taſt;
In half your plenty, none but Fools would faſt.

Coriſc. I never ſigh'd, but to deceive before,
Such pains as theſe, till now, I never bore:
What ſhall I do?
Leave him, I cant; Court him I muſt not. Yes:
Love forbids that, and Honour hinders this.
" Firſt then I'le try Allurements, and diſcover
" The Love to him, but will conceal the Lover.
If after this, he does my flame deſpiſe,
Nought but Revenge, ſhall my hot Rage ſuffice,
And my Proud Rival *Amaryllis* Dyes.
My Perſecutor here—— {*Spying* Sylvano *Enter, ſhe runs away.*

Enter Sylvano *and* Dorco.

Sylva. Coriſca, ſtay.
Confuſion ſeize her! how ſhe haſts away!
Why by Heav'ns Curſe and Malice was I Born

To be a Vassal to such Pride and Scorn?
" As Frosts to Plants, to ripend Ears a Storm;
" To Flowers the Mid-day-Sun, to Seed the Worm;
" To Stags the Toyles, to Birds the Lime-twiggs, so
" Is Love to man an everlasting Foe.
" And he that call'd it fire, pierced well into
" Its Treacherous Nature; for if fire you view,
" How bright and beautiful it is. Approacht,
" How warm and comfortable? but when toucht,
" Oh how it burns; the Monster-bearing Earth
" Did never Teem such a Prodigious Birth.
" Where e're Love fixes its Imperial Seat,
" Cottage and Pallace to its Rage submit.
So absolute is its too large Command,
Nothing can its Tyrannick pow'r withstand.
" So Love, if you behold it in a pair
" Of Starry-eyes, in a bright tress of hair;
" How temptingly it looks, what kindly flames
" It breaths? what Peace, what Pardons it proclaims?
" But if thou dost it in thy bosom keep,
" So that it gather strength, and can but creep,
" No Tygress in *Hircanian* Mountains Nurst,
" No *Lybian*-Lyoness is half so curst:
" Nor frozen Snake fosterd with humane breath,
" His Flames are hot as Hell, Bonds strong as Death.
Dor. Why all this storm? leave her, and rage no more.
Sylv. Preach silence to the Winds; I'le ne're give o're.
" Women, perfidious Women, all that's naught,
" In Love, from You is by Infection caught.
" He of himself is good, meek as the Dove,
" That draws the Chariot of the Queen of Love.
" But you have made him wild——
" You, who your Care, your Pride, and Pleasure place
" In the meer out-side of a Wanton face.
" Nor is't your business how to pay true Love,
" And study whether shall more constant prove.
" To bind two souls in one, and of one heart,
" To make the other but the Counter-part.

But how to uſe thoſe arts you ſhould abhor;
" To paint your faded Cheeks, to cover o're
" The faults of Time and Nature. How ye make
" Pale Feulemort a pure Vermillion take;
" Fill up the wrinckles; dye black, white; a ſpot
" With a ſpot hide, where 'tis; make't where 'tis not.
" And all the while ſuch Torment you are in,
" That 'tis at once a Penance and a Sin.
Dorco. But for *Coriſcas* Crimes, why muſt you ſtrike
At the whole Sex?
Sylv. Damne 'em, they're all alike.
Dor. But why ſuch rayling?
Sylv. Rayling do you call't!
There's not that Accuſation, nor that Guilt,
As barbarous as Hell could e're invent;
Of which Perfidious Woman's innocent.
" Do their lips open? E're they ſpeak, they lye;
" And if they ſigh, they lye moſt damnably.
" Falſe lights their Eyes are, and falſe weights their Ears;
" Their Hearts falſe meaſures, and falſe Pearl their Tears.
" So talk, or look, or think, or laugh, or cry;
" Seem, or Seem not; walk, ſit, or ſtand, they lye.
Dor. If Women are ſuch Monſters as you make,
How have they Charms, mens hearts how can they take?
Sylv. Their Snare's ſo plain, you'd wonder we are caught.
But Love is man's misfortune, not his fault.
For to promote their curſt bewitching Arts,
They ſteal our Reaſons firſt, and then our Hearts.
And th' acts of Mad-men can't be call'd their ſin,
And none but Mad-men ever take Love in.
Yes, Mad indeed, when we repoſe our truſt
" In thoſe who would dye, rather than be juſt.
" Theſe are the curſed Arts, theſe are the ways
" That have made Love ſo hateful in our days.
" Falſe and ungrateful Nymph. Example take
" By me, unskilful Lovers, how ye make
" An Idol of a Face; and tak't for granted,
" There's no ſuch Devil as a Woman Sainted.

" She thinks her Wit and Beauty without peer;
" And o're thy slavish Soul does domineer,
" Like some great Goddess, counting thou wert born
" As a thing Mortal only for her scorn.
" Takes all that praise as Tribute of her merit,
" Which is the flattery of thy abject spirit.
Dor. Why then so humbly is that Sex adored?
And each kind Look with sighs and tears implor'd?
" These are the Womans Arms: Take the best way,
Pursue, and tire, and seize her as your prey.
Sylv. Thou hast inspir'd my soul, and I'le obey.
Since Tears and Prayers are vain, a bolder course
I'le steer: I am resolved t'enjoy by force:
" I must strike fire out of her Breast, by dint
" Of Steel; what Fool used Bellows to a Flint?
" *Corisca*, thou shalt find no more of me
" That bashful Lover. No; I'le let her see
" That Love sometimes (though he appear stark blind)
" Can from his Eyes the Handkercher unbind.
And when I once have got her in my Arms,
I'le sport and revel in her Riffled Charms.

Exeunt.

ACT the Second.

Enter Montano *and* Titiro.

Titiro. HOw is it possible my Daughter shou'd
" By Heav'ns be destined for the general good?
" For when I mark the words o'th' Oracle,
" Me-thinks with those the Signes agree not well.
" If Love must joyn 'em, and the one does flye,
" How can that be? How can the strings which tye
" The True-Loves-Knot be hatred and disdain?
Did Heav'n intend this Marriage, 'twould ordain,
Beauty, not Hounds o're *Sylvios* heart should reign.

Mont.

Mont. "He's young; and has time yet to feel Loves Dart.
Tit. He Love! The Woods have took up all his heart.
Mont. Not so, but Love may still new pleasures bring.
Tit. "But Love's a Blossom that adorns our Spring.
Since want of Love is that this age his Crime,
I have but little hope t'expect from Time.
Mont. "What if this Marriage be not writ in Heav'n,
"'Tis made on Earth, their mutual Vows they've given.
"To violate which, were rashly to profane
"The God-head of great *Cynthia*, in whose Fane
"The Solemne Oath was taken. Now how prone
"Our Goddess is to anger, and how soon
"By us to be incenst, thou'rt not to learn;
But I declare as far as I discern:
"And a Priests mind rapt up above the sky,
"Can into the eternal Counsels pry:
"This Knot is tyed by the hand of Destiny.
"Besides, I in a Dream have something viewd,
"Which my old hopes has more than e're renew'd.
Titr. Dreams, what are they? Your hope's too strongly bent;
But say, what did the Airy form present?
Mont. "When swelling Ladon weary of his Yoke,
"The Banks with his Rebellious waters broke:
"So that where Birds but lately built their Nests,
"Usurping Fishes swam; and Men and Beasts
"With Flocks and Woods promiscuously ta'n,
"Th'Impartial Deluge swept into the Main.
"That very night, that very night undone,
"I lost a Child, and then my only Son:
Whilst in his Cradle the poor Infant lay,
"The cruel Torrent ravisht him away:
I owe my Death to that unhappy day.
Tit. "And I may say of thy two Sons; the Floods
"Have ravisht one, the other's lost i'th' Woods.
Mont. Perhaps kind Heav'n in the surviving Brother,
"Will by the one make me amends for t'other.
"'Tis always good to hope; now hear me out:
"'Twas at the dawning of the Morn, about

"That

"That Mungrel hour, which gotten betwixt Night
"And day, is half an Æthiop, and half White:
When kind Heav'n to my waking fancy brought
These lively Images of Fate, me-thought
"On famed *Alpheos*-banks I Angling sate
"under a shady Beech; there came up straight
"A grave old Man, down to the middle bare;
"His Chin all dropping, and his grizled hair,
And said, *Loe, here's thy Son, and take good heed*
Thou kill him not, then dived into the Reed:
Startled, I cry'd, Propitious Heav'n defend:
No sooner did the Reverend shape descend,
"But strait black Clouds obscured the Heav'n around,
"And threatning me with a dire Tempest frounde;
"I to my bosom clapt the Babe for fear,
"And cryed, shall then one hour both give and bear
"Away my hopes: Streight all the ayr was turn'd
"Serene, and Thunder-bolts to ashes burn'd,
"Fell hissing in the water; with Bows broken,
"And Shafts by thousands; Signs which did betoken
"Extinguisht Vengeance; then a shrill Voice broke
"From the riv'd Beech, which in its tongue thus spoke;
"*Believe* Montano, *and thy hopes still nourish*,
"*Thy fair* Arcadia *once agen shall flourish.*
Titi. Can your fond hope from such weak fancies rise?
"Alas, *Montano* Dreams are Histories
"Of what is past, rather than Prophecies
"Of what's to come; mere fragments of the sight,
"Or thoughts of the past day reviv'd at night.
Man's Doom, and the great Oracles of Heav'n
Are never by such feeble voyces given.
"In short, how Heav'n has destined to dispose
"Of our two Children, neither of us knows.
"But this is clear to both of us; thine flyes,
"And against Natures Laws does Love despise.
Mont. "Take courage *Titiro*, do not debase
"Your thoughts with mortal fears, but nobly place

"Your

"Your hopes above: Heav'n favours a ſtrong Faith,
"And a faint Prayer ne're climbs that Arduous Path.
"Our Childrens Pedegree you know's Divine,
"And Heav'n that ſmiles on all, will ſurely ſhine
"On its own Progeny. Come *Titire*,
"Together to the Temple let us go.
And humbly bow to the Eternal Throne,
Victims and Prayers have pow'r, if Dreams have none.
"And thou high mover of the Orbs, that rideſt
"The Starry Region, with thy Wiſdom guideſt
"Their Courſe, look down upon our tottering ſtate,
"And reconcile Diſdain and Love with Fate.

(*Exeunt.*

SCENE the Second.

Enter Amaryllis.

Amar. "Riches, what are they, but our freedoms ſnares.
"What boots it in the Spring-time of ones years,
"To have the Attributes of fair and good,
"In mortall Veins to lock Celeſtial blood?
"If with all theſe our hearts Contentment loſe,
And what we moſt deſire, want pow'r to chooſe?
"Happy that Shepherdeſs, whom ſome courſe ſtuff
"Obſcurely Cloaths, yet clean and juſt enough.
"Rich only in her ſelf, and in the beſt
"And nobleſt Ornaments of Nature dreſt.
Whoſe narrow ſtate no forreign Cares diſtreſs:
Her Boſom, and her little World at peace.
"Who in ſweet Poverty no want does know,
"Nor the Diſtractions, which from Riches grow.
"Yet whatſoever may ſuffice the mind,
"In that Eſtate abundantly does find.
"One Fountain is her Looking-glaſs, her Drink,
"And Bath; and if ſhe's pleas'd, what others think,
"It matters not. She heeds not blazing Stars
"That threaten mighty Ones; Wars or no Wars,
"It is all one to her: Her Battlement
"And Shield is that ſhe's Poor, Poor, but content.

Enter

Enter Coriſca.

Cor. Beyond my wiſh I'm favourd by my Fate,
Heav'ns, muſt I be *Mirtillos* Advocate.
Oh kind *Ergaſto*, a more pleaſing task
Thou could'ſt not grant, nor could *Coriſca* ask. } *aside.*
Under the Name of *Amaryllis* Friend,
I have fit means, and ſafe, to work my end.

Amar. Coriſca!

Coriſ. My dear *Amaryllis* here?

Amaryll. Yes kind *Coriſca*, all that's left of her.
I'm to be Married; all that once was mine,
My freedom, and my heart, all that was thine;
My friendſhip and my ſmiles, are ours no more;
They are all ſeiz'd by a commanding Pow'r.

Coriſc. Do not with needleſs fears diſturb your peace:
Why muſt your freedom and our friendſhip ceaſe?
There's no ſuch Fetters, no ſuch dangers wait
Upon the ſweet and happy Marryed ſtate.

Amar. Happy and Sweet——Alaſs——

Coriſc. "Why do you fetch
"That ſigh? Leave ſighing to that Wretch.

Amar. "What Wretch?

Coriſc. Mirtillo.

Amar. What of him——Oh that bleſt Name. [*aside.*

Coriſc. Only I have ſaved his Life.

Amar. His Life! How came
His Life in danger?

Cor. By his diſpair for you.
That hour he firſt your fatal Contract knew,
The killing ſound no doubt had mortal prov'd,
Had not my kindneſs half his pain remov'd;
"By promiſing to break this Match, which though
"I only ſaid to comfort him, I know
The way if need were——

Amar. Dear *Coriſca*, ſpeak;
Can thy kind help this cruel Gordian break?

Coriſc. Yes, eaſily.

Amar. My better Angel, how?

Cor.

Cor. By Heav'n she loves him, and my fears are true. } *Aside.*
To break this Marriage off, if you would please
T' assist me, is a thing I'de do with ease.
Amar. Unkind *Coriſca*, had you in your pow'r
This blessing, and conceal'd it till this hour?
Well, though you hide your secrets, yet take mine:
Know when I think I must my heart resign,
"And all my Life, be subject to a Boy,
That hates me, and does place his only joy
In Woods, in Beasts, in Dogs, and Hunts-mens crys;
That thought to my wrack'd soul all Peace denys.
Why was I born of Heav'nly race for this?
"Happy that poor and humble Shepherdess,
"Who has not half my weighty Cares to keep
"Her heart awake; who feeds her Master's Sheep
"With the pearld grass, and with her lovely eyes,
"Some honest Swain, that for her Beauty dyes.
"Not such as Men or Gods choose to her hand,
"But such as Love did to her choyce commend.
"And in some favour'd shady mirtle Grove,
"Desires, and is desired, and lives all Love.
"This only is true Bliss, which till the breath
"Deserts the body, knows not what is Death.
"Would Heav'n had made me such a one.
Coris. Why that
I'le wish; to save you 'tis not yet too late.
Amar. "Not late! My Faith I have already given
"Both to my Father, and what's worse, to Heav'n:
"And break with them I neither will, nor may.
"But if your Industry can find a way
"T'unty this Knot, so that my Honesty,
"My Faith, my Fame, and my Religion be
"Preserved, how blest, how proud——
Cor. Leave it to me.
Coriſcas Glory, and her pow'r, this day,
In all their colours shall their Pride display.

"But when from an ill Husband thou art freed,
"May not an honest Lovers hopes succeed?
Mirtillo you must Love, you shall——nay more,
Must give him leave to see you, and adore.
Amar. "'Twere better he'd in peace and silence rest,
"And root so vain a love out of his Breast.
Corisc. "Some comfort you shall give him e're he dye.
Am. Half favours do but heighten misery.
Corisc. "If they do so, the seeking is his own.
Amar. "And what must I expect, should it be known?
Corisc. "How Cowardly thou art.
Amar. "And may I still
"Be Cowardly in any thing that's ill.
Corisc. "And can you fail me in this small request.
"Farewell; so may I fail thee in the rest.
Amar. "Oh stay *Coriſca.*
Corisc. "If you'l promise me
"To hear *Mirtillo.*
Amar. Well, I'le promise thee
To hear him; but provided it may be
But once.
Corisc. But once.
Amaryl. "And that he may not know
"We meet with my consent or knowledg.
Corisc. No:
You cannot think I'le be so indiscreet.
I'le make him think 'tis by my plot you meet.
Trust to my care; your safety in my hand,
Your faithful Creatures pow'r and Life command.
Amar. Farewell kind Maid. [*Exit.*
Corisc. Believing Fool, farewell;
Yes, trust me, *I* will serve thee; but as Hell
Serves Sinners; I will lead her fairly on
Till past Redemption lost, she is undone.
She Loves *Mirtillo*:
And Rivalship enflames me to that height,
That now I love him at that senseless rate,
That for his sake I'de startle at no crime.
Nay, I could e'ne turn Fool, and Marry him. *Enter*

Enter Sylvano, *rushing from behind the Scene, and catches her.*

"Oh *Amaryllis* I am caught, I am caught;
Stay and assist me.

Sylv. No, she hears thee not.

"Thou Mrs. in the art of making Lyes,
"That sell'st false looks, false hopes at such a price,
"With honesty stampt on thy haughty brow,
None of thy falsehoods shall deceive me now.

Corisc. To me this barbrous Language?

Sylv. Yes to thee.
Now I'le reward thee for thy Treachery,
Thou Cheat, Dissembler, Witch, and Sorceress;
Perjur'd *Coriscа.*

Corisc. "Yes, I do confess
"I am *Coriscа*; not that happy she,
"Who once was Courted and beloved by thee,
My gentle dear *Sylvano.*

Sylv. Gentle, dear!
What sweetning words, what a new stile is here?
Oh the Conversions that are wrought by fear.
Was this the language, this the humble look,
When Me for the young *Thyrsis* you forsook?
And from that heart, just sealed to me before,
All your repeated Oaths to *Niso* swore.

Corisc. Who, I forsake thee? take back the left part
From thee of that intire devoted heart,
Which is thy sacred right.

Sylvan. Oh wondrous strange!
No, no; Your constancy can never change!
Since of your Crimes you can forgetful be,
My Vengeance shall refresh your memory.

Corisc. Vengeance! Oh Heavens, on whom?

Sylv. On thee Enchantress, thee fair Infidel;
Thou hast not playd the Traytors part so well,
As *I* will do the Lovers. Thanks kind pow'rs,
After so many sighs and tedious hours,

My Life and Fortune's ſpent to buy your ſmiles,
Kind Fate at laſt rewards my weary toyls,
And my falſe fair one, now I'le tryumph in the ſpoyls.
Since ſo much Hell within your Boſom reigns,
I'le Conjure all the Devils in your Veins.

Coriſc. Oh Horrour! My ſoft Peace, how can you fright?
Can you hurt her whom once you call'd your dear delight?
What Faith in Men can Wretched Virgins find,
If my *Sylvano* ceaſes to be kind.

Sylvan. Ceaſe to be kind to thee. By Heav'n not *I*,
I'le be ſo kind——

Coriſ. Oh my hard deſtiny!

Sylv. ——That not thy Father, when in all his heat,
And Youth, he did thy wanton Mother treat,
To raiſe this Curſed race to damne Man-kind,
Was ever half ſo hot, or half ſo kind.
He, lazy Nuptial Fool did only move
In the dull humane Path of making Love;
But I'le turn Raviſher, and ſport like Jove.

Coriſ. "Behold me at thy feet. Oh pardon me,
"If ever *I* by chance offended thee,
"My Idol; by thoſe God-like looks, theſe more
"Than humane Knees, which claſping, *I* adore.
"By thy dear ſelf *Sylvano*; thy more dear
"Affection which thou once to me didſt ſwear:
"By the ſweet influence of thoſe Eyes, which thou
"Wert wont to call two Stars, two Fountains now.

Sylv. T' extract theſe Tears, what wonders have *I* done?
Such ſoft Dew falls not after every Sun.

Coriſc. Dear *Sylvan*, pitty me, and let me go.

Sylv. "Think'ſt thou ſtill *Syren* to deceive me? No.

Coriſc. Oh let me go, try me but once, and ſee,
How juſt, how faithful, and how kind I'le be.

Sylv. No, I am grown too wiſe to credit thee;
"And he that takes thy word, himſelf enſnares,
"Beneath this humble ſhew, beneath theſe Prayers,

"Is

" Is hid *Corisca.* I too long delay.
My Pleasure and Revenge calls me away.
Come my fair Martyr.
Corisc. Oh Inhumane stay,
Hear me but one word more.
Sylv. You beg in vain.
Corisc. Have you no pitty left? shall I obtain
No Mercy?
Sylv. None, I'le drag you to my Cave,
And no more treat you as my Saint, but Slave.
There, Oh my Vengeance! Oh my pleasure!
Corisc. Hold.
Are you resolv'd?
Sylv. As firm as Fate, and less to be controul'd.
Have you done whining?
Corisc. " Oh thou base, and not
" To be exampled Slave, half Man, half Goat,
" And all a Beast;——thou Natures Out-cast, born
For her Disgrace, and for *Corisca*'s Scorn.
" *Corisca* Loves thee not! thou think'st the truth;
" What should she see in such a Charming Youth?
Sylv. Now your true self appears; but do not think
Curses or Prayers shall make *Sylvano* shrink.
Corisc. Infernal Beast, let go your hold, be gone:
Think not the impious deed's so easily done.
That minute thy Impiety shall dare
But touch me, with my shrieks I'le fill the Ayre;
And call down all Heav'ns Thunder on thy head:
Nay, I'le turn Basilisk, and look thee dead.
Sylv. Call Thunder down! as if the Gods would hear
Thy out-cryes Devil. I so little fear
Heav'ns Anger for so just, so brave an act,
That in the very height of all the Fact,
I'le with such pride the glorious deed commit,
That I le my self call Heav'n to witness it.
Corisc. Hell and Damnation thy black soul confound,
And everlasting Horrour shade me round.

Sylv.

Sylv. But I'm
Too gentle: In this posture I appear
More like a Courtier than a Ravisher.
Fur's the garb my Injuries should wear:
Beast as thou art, I'le drag thee by the hair.
[*Lets go her Arms, and twists his hands in her Hair.*
My Rage cannot commit an act too foul:
Fright me away? I'm not that easie Fool——
{*As he drags her away, her Hair comes off; and* Sylvano *falls; at which time she runs off.*
Perdition seize her. Oh she's gone; was e're
Such an Escape, such a defeat as here!
"Was ever man so Fooled! Thou all made up of Wiles,
"Was't not enough thy words, thy looks, thy smiles
Were all deceit; false, treacherously fair,
"But you must likewise falsifie your hair.
"The glowing Amber, and the flowing Gold
"Which you, mad Poets, so extol, behold!
"Blush, blush now at your errour, and recant
"Your thread-bare Theam; instead whereof, go paint
"The arts of a deform'd and impious Witch;
"Breaking up Sepulchres by Night; from which
"She steals the hair, which upon Deaths-head grows,
"To Imp her own; which she so neatly does,
"That she has made you praise, what you shou'd more
"Then dire *Megæras* Snaky locks abhor. [*Exit.*

SCENE the Third.

Enter Gerana *and* Dorinda.

Dor. To follow *Sylvio*, is that a Crime?
I'de wander o're the World to follow him.
Not Savage Desarts with their Beasts of prey,
And all their frightful Rocks should stop my way.
Ger. Come dear *Dorinda*, do not sigh in vain;
Come Love no more, but shake off all this pain.
Should Maids, in wild Young Men, place their delight;
Alas, they're Creatures not to please, but fright.

Dor.

Dor. You were young once, and if you told me true,
You said You Lov'd, And did they frighten you?
Ger. But when *I* Loved, 'twas at a Womans Age.
I stood upon my Guard against their rage.
I was more able too the storm to bear:
But they are Creatures which You ought to fear.
Ravenous as Lyons, and more fierce than they:
Whilst Slavish Women must their Wil's obey,
And to their furious Appetites give way:
They have desires, to which You cannot bow.
Dor. But you have tryed, and you shall tell me how.
Ger. Poor Innocence, you know not what you say:
There's Debt, in Love, you are too young to pay.
Alas, thou'rt Ignorant——
Dor. Why then I'de learn.
Ger. Alas, your own desires you can't discern.
Dor. To please my Love, What is it that I want?
Can he ask any thing I cannot grant?
No, I have so much Love, that I believe,
I've rather more than I know how to give.
Instruct me, for I'de please him if I cou'd.
What are those Debts?——*I* know they must be good.
Love is a God, I've heard our Shepherds say:
And all that Gods command, we should obey.
If I've more hearts than yet I understand,
Tell me, they shall be all at his command.
Ger. Inquire no farther——pretty Innocence,
But think of Loving *Sylvio* seaven years hence.
Dor. And must I stay so long, so long a time?
Ger. Your Beauty then will be in all its prime.
Dor. Have I not all my Beauty yet? is it,
For that my *Sylvio* cannot Love me yet?
My wants in Beauty are this way supply'd,
I've Love enough, what e're I want beside.
Ger. Do but observe the Beauties of the May:
Yours will be once as ripe, and bright as they.
Stay till your worth is better understood.
All these gay flowers were once but in the Bud.

Dor.

Dor. Muſt Virgins then grow up as Roſes do?
Pray, how is that?
Ger. To Age their Sweets they owe.
Whilſt by th'warm Sun, and the kind Spring, they blow.
Dor. If then my want of growth be all my fa u't,
Me-thinks I need not ſtay ſeav'n years for that.
Let but my *Sylvio* Love me: He has ſuch charms,
Me-thinks I could ſhoot up in *Sylvios* Arms.
His charming looks would make me any thing.
So kind a Sun would ſoon bring on the Spring.

Enter Sylvio *and* Hunts-men *croſſing the Stage:* Sylvio *ſeeing* Dorinda, *offers to go.*

Dor. Stay *Sylvio*, do not flye me.
Ger. Cruel, ſtay.
Cannot ſuch ſuppliant Beauty ſtop your way?
Sylv. My Torment here. [*aſide.*
To ſtay, I want the pow'r.
I've no time now to fool away an hour.
Ger. Inhumane; is this treat a recompence
For all the groans of dying Innocence?
Thou man, more barbarous than the *Scythian* Race,
And Savager than the wild Beaſts you chace.
Dor. Dearer than Life, and ſweeter than the Spring.
My Joy, my Love, my Heart, my every thing.
Oh unkind Nymph, can you ſo Cruel prove,
To talk ſo harſhly to the Man I Love?
Dear *Sylvio*——What have I ſaid——
Me-thinks I bluſh, yet why, I do not know.
Something I've ſaid or done, I ſhould not do.
To ſay I Love him, there's no ſin in that:
To tell the truth, ſure cannot be a Fau't.
And yet me-think——
A ſecret ſhame into my face does flye,
And ſays 'tis men ſhould Court, and Maids deny.
Sylv. What is the cauſe fair Nymph——
Dor. Fair Nymph! Ah no:
You call me fair, but do not think me ſo.
Sylv. What idle frenzy can ſo pow'rful be,
To make you take ſuch pains to follow me?

Dor.

Dor. Why do you ask? As if you did not know.
I would be near you whereſo're you go:
Do, let me follow you, let me be near.
" I'le hold your Arrows, and your Quiver bear:
And if your precious Life ſhould e're,
By the wilde Bore you chace, in danger be,
I'le ſtep between, and he ſhall firſt Kill me.
In *Sylvio*'s preſence is my ſole delight:
On you I think all Day, and dream all Night.
And in the Morning, when by reſtleſs Cares
I early wake, and go to ſay my Pray'rs,
All on a ſudden, when I kneeling bow,
And think I ſpeak to Heav'n, I Pray to You.
Yet unkind *Sylvio* from *Dorinda* flyes.
Takes all my Heart, yet gives me none of His.
Sylv. Why do you throw away a heart ſo ill?
I never yet knew Love, nor ever will.
Or if I did, 'tis in the Chace, the Groves
And Woods: My Hawks and Hounds have all my Loves.
Dor. In Love with Hawks and Hounds! Thoſe Creatures, Sir, have got
Their Loves already. They're by Nature taught
To Love amongſt themſelves. Thoſe humble Creatures too,
Are not deſerving to be Loved by You.
Sylv. Well Nymph, I ſee I wrong you by my ſtay;
I'le take the Cauſe then of your Griefs away.
Adieu.
Dor. Stay but one minute; muſt we part
So ſoon? I ſee the cauſe of all my ſmart:
'Tis *Amaryllis* takes up all your heart.
Sylv. Before I go,
That little ſatisfaction you ſhall have,
I gave my hand; my heart I never gave.
Dor. Do you not Love her then?
Sylv. By Heav'ns, not I.
Dor. Does ſhe want Charms?
Sylv. Their Influence I defie.
Dor. But are you ſure you do not Love her?
Sylv. Why?

Dor. Do you not think, and wish you know not how,
And Dream of her a Nights, as I of You?

Sylv. I think not of her waking, nor asleep,
My heart does no such worthless Triffles keep.

Dor. You've eas'd me of I know not how much pain:
I'm Charm'd to hear you talk with such disdain.
Malice or Love, or both, what e're it be,
I'm pleas'd he Loves not her, though he hates me.

[*The Hunts-men hollow from within.*

Sylv. Hark, I am call'd, my pleasure I delay.
Farewell.

Dor. You shall not go.

Sylv. I must not stay.

Dor. Have you no Love, not pitty, cruel Man?

Sylv. I pitty you as much as e're I can.

Dor. Well *Sylvio*,
If by your Hate I'm Doom'd to be undone;
I'm the first slighted Maid that dyed so soon.

Sylv. Well pow'rful Nymph,
For the unrest, the sighs, and pains, so long
You've borne, in Charity t'a thing so young,
For once I will be kind.

Dor. Will you be kind?
Kind to *Dorinda*! Oh my lightned mind?——
And will you Love me?——I ne're lived till now.——
Shall I be yours?——My Joys too mighty grow.
If the unrest I've borne your kindness win,
To keep you kind, I'le never sleep agen.
And if you've Charity, because I'm young,
Be sure I'le ne're grow old——but why so long
A silence? why this distance? Did you say
You would be kind, and do not know the way.
Swains, when they're kind, their dearest Nymphs approach,
With all their greedy joys their hands they touch,
And kiss 'em o're and o're.
Then round their Necks their twining Arms they throw:
Were I a Swain in Love, I should do so.

Sylv. Hold gentle Nymph, and give me leave to speak.
Do not my promis'd Charity mistake, Your

Your softness has my stubborn spirit bow'd
So much, that I would Love you if I could.
And this Effeminate Confession, none
Of your whole Sex could win, but you alone.
Dor. And is it thus, you're kind?
Sylv. Love I ne're can.
Within my Breast that Feaver never ran.
You have my Pitty; all I can I'le grant.
Nor will I say I Love you, when I cant.
Dor. You cannot Love?
Sylv. My kindness is so great,
I will not pay your Love with Counterfeit.
Nay, in compassion to your sighs and tears,
Each rising Sun shall hear my Zealous Prayers:
I'le beg kind Heav'n that you may Love no more,
And your Conversion on my knees implore.
Once more fare-well.
Dor. Why all this hasty flight?
Stay, and be cruel still, and kill me quite. *Exit.* Sylv.
Gerr. E'ne let him go, and to requite this scorn,
May he by Heaven's pursuing Vengeance, torne
By some wild Monster in a Desart dye,
And injur'd Virgins curse his memory.
The noyse comes near; flye hence, no longer stay;
What if the Savage Beast should come this way,
And Chafed with Hunting, spill your precious blood?
Dor. Alas, I would forgive him, if he shou'd.
Since unkind *Sylvio* from my Love does flye,
Young though I am, I'm Old enough to dye.

Exeunt.

The End of the Second Act.

ACT the Third.

Enter *Amaryllis* with a Train of Shepherdess, who enter Singing.

Song.

WHy does the foolish World mistake,
And Loves dull praises sing so loud?
What idle Subjects must they make,
Who choose a blind and Childish Boy their God?

What dearer Joys our Freedom brings,
Whilst the wing'd Quire on every bough,
Charm'd with our Bliss in Consort sings,
And Night and Day our harmless pleasures view.

Chor. *'Tis Shame and the Night Loves folly does cover,*
And only the Bat and Schreich-Owl that hover
About the dark Windows of a drowzy dull Lover.

The Song ended, they Dance, which done, they go off singing, and *Corisca* enters and stays *Amaryllis*.

[*Manent only* Corisc. *and* Amar.

Cor. "I Must go speak to him, or he'l not stir.
"To her faint-hearted Swain; what do you fear? [*Calling to*
Enter Mirtillo. [Mirtillo.

Mirt. I would approach her, but dare move no nigher:
"How near to Impotence is strong desire?

Corisc. Make haste, or she is lost.

Amar. "What do I view!

Mirt. "Stay; If this action to thy scorn be due,
"Behold the Weapon, and the Breast. [*holding his Dagger to his Breast.*

Amar. Thou hast
Deserved that Sentence thy rash tongue has past.
What cause, bold man, could thy presumption move

To

To interrupt my soft Retirements?
Mirt. Love.
Amar. "Love is not rude.
Mirt. Can it be rudeness when I kneel before
That dear Celestial Creature I adore.
Is it a Crime t'approach what we admire.
Do but observe, fair Nymph, how the wing'd Quire,
Each wandring Bird flyes over Woods and Groves,
To mix its Ayres with the dear Mate it loves.
And what their Loves and weaker sense has done,
Should dastard Man, the Lord of Reason shun?
Amar. And is this Love? Did Love your foot-steps steer,
Prayers, not surprizes would have brought you here.
Mirt. "As a wilde Beast, enraged with want of Food,
"Rushes on Travellers from out the Wood.
"So I, that only live on thy fair Eyes,
"Since that lov'd Food thy Cruelty denys,
"On my fair Prey, a Ravenous Lover seize,
To my long famisht Love, the only ease.
My Passion, and my Fears were long at strife,
And 'twas a stratagem to save a Life.
Amar. "Alas, you persecute me, but in vain.
What is it you can ask, or hope t'obtain?
Mirt. "Once ere I dye, to hear me.
Amar. "Well Sir, that Boon I grant. But this before,
"Say little, quickly part, and come no more.
Mirt. "Then that I love thee more than I do love
"My Life; if thou doubt'st, Cruel, ask this Grove,
"Each stupid Rock, each Mountain, which so oft,
"I by the voyce of my Complaints, made soft.
"Behold these Flowers that make the Earth so proud,
"Those Stars which naile the Firmament. The crowd
Of Nights, bright Gems attest my high desires;
They've all been witness of my restless fires.
To the adored bright Beautys of those Eyes,
My soul with all her wing'd affections flyes.
"But since you bid me say but little, I
"Shall say but little, saying that I dye;

"And

" And shall do less in dying, since I see
" How much my death is coveted by Thee.
Yet when I'm Dead,
You'l pitty what to Live you can't permit;
" Must those bright Stars which my Loves Torches lit,
" Light too my Funeral Tapers, and fore-run
" As once my rising, now my setting Sun?
Amar. What shall I say? I cannot speak. [*aside.*
Mirt. Fair Saint,
Have you no sense of my too just Complaint?
Have you no Pitty? speak!——what have I done,
This Fate to merit?——Must I talk alone——
Say something Cruel Nymph,——
Amar. What should I say?
You know I must not answer you your way.
Mirt. " Say, dye, at least, if nothing else you'l say.
Amar. " That honest pitty I may grant, you have.
" Other it is in vain to hope or crave.
" For amorous pitty you must ne're implore
" From her, who has given away all that before.
" But if you love me, and have told me true;
" Love my good Name, my Life and Honour too.
" You seek Impossibles: I am a Ward
" To Heav'n; Earth watches me, and my reward,
" If I transgress, is Death. But most of all
" Virtue defends me. Sir, your heart recall:
On barren Rocks, none but th'unhappy fall.
" And 'tis the part of Virtue to abstain
" From what we love, if it will prove our bane.
Mirt. " He that no longer can resist, must yield.
Amar. " Where Virtue reigns, all passions quit the field.
Mirt. " Love tryumphs over Virtue.
Amar. " Let that man
" That cannot what he will, will what he can.
Mirt. " Necessity of Loving, has no Law.
Amar. But effects cease when Causes do with-draw.
I'le see you then no more.
Mirt. Oh stay; you storm's not here;
" In vain we flye what we about us bear. " There

" There is no Cure but that which Death affords.
Amar. " Death! Let me speak then, and be sure these
" Be as a Charm to you. Although I know, (words
" When Lovers talk of dying, it does show
" Rather an amorous custom of the tongue,
" Then a resolve of mind, continuing long.
" Yet if in earnest you should ever take
" So strange a frenzy; know that when you make
" Your self away, you murder my Fame too.
" Live then if you do love me, and adieu.
Mirt. And must I live for ever in despair,
Doom'd to a Life that is not worth my care?
Amar. *Mirtillo*, 'tis high time you went away,
" You have already made too long a stay:
Be gon, and let your griefs not grow too strong,
" Of hopeless Lovers, there's a numerous throng.
" There is no wound, but carryes with it pain;
" And there are others, who of Love complain.
Mirt. How can I leave you?
Amar. Why, Sir, should you stay?
You know my heart's already given away.
You know I'm to be Marryed Sir,——yet still——
Oh Heav'ns! I'de like t'have said against my will. [*aside.*
Be gone, be gone——
For should he longer stay } *aside.*
I shall the weakness of my soul betray. }
Mirt. Why must I flye so fast from all that's dear?
Amar. Should but the Nymphs return, and find you here,
This place they hold so sacred, that they'd tear
You Limb from Limb: "The Thracian Nymphs ne're tore,
" And Murder'd *Orpheus* so on *Hebrus* shore.
Mirt. Is that a fear should drive *Mirtillo* hence?
What if the place be sacred; the offence
Proceeds from Love, and Love is sacred too;
They could not hurt the Slave that dyes for you.
Amar. He has staid too long; his presence } *aside.*
has such pow'r—— }
My Father I expect this very hour:

And

And if he find you here, I shall pull down
A Nations anger and a Fathers frown.
Sir, for my safety go.

Mirt. That word alone could force
Me hence; "but can I suffer this Divorce,
"And yet not dye; the pangs of death I'm sure
"I feel, and all that parting souls endure. [*Exit.*

Amar. "*Mirtillo*, oh *Mirtillo*, couldst thou see
"That heart which thou condemn'st of cruelty,
"Soul of my soul, thoud'st find it so much thine,
Thoud'st give me pitty, and not ask me mine.
"Oh why, if Love be such a natural
"And pow'rful passion, is it Capital?
"Law too severe that Nature doest offend,
"Nature too frail that dost with Law contend.
Why must our bleeding hearts with sorrow break,
Whilst modesty forbids our Sex to speak?
"Oh dear *Mirtillo*, pardon thy fierce Foe,
"In words and looks, but in her heart not so.
"But if addicted to Revenge thou be?
"What greater Vengeance canst thou take on me,
"Then thy own grief? For, if thou beest my heart,
"As in despite of Heav'n and Earth thou art;
"Thy sighs my Vital spirits are; the flood
"Of tears which follows, is my vital blood.
"And all these pangs, and all these groans of thine,
"Are not thy pangs, are not thy groans, but mine.

Enter Corisca *and* Celia. (destroy?

Coris. Why pangs and groans? what should your peace
What hinders your desires, or bars your Joy?
Come, you must love *Mirtillo*: Why so coy?

Amar. What do you mean? You know our breach of Faith
Is punisht by th' *Arcadian* Laws with death?

Coris. And is it that dull Nymph keeps you in awe?
"Which is more ancient, tell me, Love or Law?
Love's a Majestick pow'r;
Came in with Nature, and grew up with Man,
And with the world its Soveraignty began.

Laws

Laws were but Innovations crept in since,
Which envying Loves Imperial Excellence,
Like Rebels Circumscribed an Absolute Prince.

Amar. Oh Heavens! I scarce dare guess at what you mean:
But could I thy wild Counsels entertain,
" And for th'offence, the Law my Life should take,
" Can Love of Life a Restitution make?

Corisc. " Thou art too nice: If Women all were such,
" And on thy scruples should insist too much:
" Good days adieu.
" Laws are not for the Wise. If to be kind
" Should merit death, *Jove* help the cruel mind.
" But if Fools fall into those Snares, 'tis fit
" They be forbid to steal, that have not wit
" To hide their Theft.

Amar. Hold: this wild subject change.
You startle me to hear you talk so strange.

Corisc. Why strange!
One minute of our Life's not in our powrs,
And who but Fools would lose whole days or hours?
Celia, convert her with that Song I taught you.

Celia Sings.

" *Let us use time whilst we may;*
" *Snatch those joys that hast away,*
" *Earth her Winter-Coat may cast,*
" *And renew her Beauties past;*
" *But our Winter come, in vain*
" *We solicite Spring again.*
" *And when our Furrows Snow shall cover;*
" *Love may return, but never Lover.*

Amar. " Thou say'st all this only to try me sure:
" Not that thy thoughts are such; but rest secure,
Unless the way to break this Contract be
A plain safe way; from guilt and scandal free:
Your useless Councels you propose in vain;
" I'de dye a thousand Deaths e're I'de my Honour stain.

Coriſc. "But *Amaryllis*, doſt thou ſeriouſly
"Believe thy *Sylvio* rates his Faith as high,
"As thou doſt thine?
Amar. Alas, how ſhould I know?
"What's Faith to him, who is to Love a Foe?
Coriſc. "Loves Foe! There's thy miſtake: Oh theſe coy ſouls.
"Believe 'em not. The deep ſtream ſilent rowls.
"No Theft in Love ſo ſubtle and ſecure,
"As to hide ſin by ſeeming to be pure.
"In ſhort, thy *Sylvio* Loves, but 'tis not thee.
"He Loves elſe-where.
Amar. "What Goddeſs muſt ſhe be.
"For certainly ſhe's not of mortal frame
"That could the heart of *Sylvio* inflame.
Where are her Altars, what's this Goddeſs Name?
Coriſc. "No Goddeſs, nor yet Nymph.
Amar. "What was't you ſaid?
Coriſc. "Do you know my *Liſetta*?
Amar. "Who, the Maid
"That tends thy Flocks?
Coriſc. "The ſame: She's all his joy.
Amar. "A proper choyce for one that was ſo coy.
Coriſc. But will you know what Magick's in her Arms,
And what great pains he takes to meet her Charms.
"He feigns to go a Hunting. But i'th' heat
"Of all the ſport, he does by ſtealth retreat
"From his Companions, and comes all alone
"Into my Garden, by a way unknown.
"Where underneath a Haw-thorne-hedges ſhade,
"The Gardens fence, the poor expecting Maid
"Hears his hot ſighs and amorous pray'rs; which ſhe
"Comes Laughing afterwards, and tells to me.
Amar. 'Tis well.
Coriſc. Now hear my plot, and let my Friendſhip prove
My induſtrious Zeal to Crown your Sacred Love.

" I think you know, that the same Law which does
" Enjoyn the Woman to observe her Vows
" To her Contracted, likewise does Enact,
" That if the Woman catch him in the fact
" Of falsehood, all her tyes and contracts cease,
And she'has free pow'r to Marry where she please.
Amar. " I know Examples. *Egle* having found
" *Lycotas* false, remaind her self unbound.
Corisc. " Now hear me out: My Maid by me set on,
" Has bid her Credulous Lover meet anon
" In yonder Cave with her, whence he remains
" The most contented of all living Swains.
" And waits but th'hour. You shall surprize him there:
" And I too as your Witness, will be near.
Amar. Already I've a prospect of my Bliss.
" I like it rarely, but the way——
Corisc. " 'Tis this.
" In th'middle of the Cave, oth' right hand, lyes
" Another lesser Grot. There thou shalt hide
" Thy self; and hidden in that place abide
" Till the two Lovers come: I mean to send
" *Lisetta* first, and after her, her Friend;
" Following aloose my self; and when I have
" Perceiv'd him safely Lodg'd within the Cave,
I will rush after him, and at my cryes
You shall come in, and the false Swain surprize:
" That done, shall take the penalty oth'Law:
" I, and *Lisetta* then will straight with-draw,
" And to the Priest; and then thou shalt untye
" This Fatal Knot.
Amar. " Before his Father?
Corisc. Why?
" What matters that? Think'st thou *Montanoes* blood
" Will stand in Ballance with his Countrys good.
Amar. " Go on then; setting all disputes aside,
" I wink, and follow thee my faithful Guide.
Corisc. " Then linger not, dear Nymph, but enter in.
Amar. Before this mighty enterprize begin,

I'le to the Temple, and the Gods adore:
And by my Prayers from Heav'n, success implore. *Exit.*

Corisc. "Go, and return then quickly. How I'm pleas'd!
Of half my Troubles I'm already eas'd.
"But to go on, there's something must be done
"T'abuse my honest Lover *Coridon*:
"I'le say I'le meet him in the Cave, and so
"Will make him after *Amaryllis* go.
"That done, by a back-way I'le thither send
"The Priest of *Cynthia*, her to Apprehend;
"Guilty she will be found, and by our Laws she dyes,
The cause of all *Mirtilloes* Cruelty es.

Enter Mirtillo.

"He's here——I'le sound him till she comes: Now rise,
"Rise all my Love into my Tongue, and Eyes.

Mirt. "Hear ye damnd Spirits that in Hell lament,
"Hear a new sort of pain and punishment:
"See in a Turtles look a Tygers mind;
"She crueller than death, 'cause she did find
"One death could not suffice her bloody will;
"And that to live was to be dying still.
"Enjoyns me not to make my self away,
"That I may dye a thousand times a day.

Corisc. How fares your Love, *Mirtillo*, since you came:
From your dear charming Nymph—— } *aside.*
Curse on the Name.

Mirt. "As one who in a violent Feaver cast,
"And is forbidden Liquor, longs to taste.
"Which got, he greedily sets to his mouth,
"And thus he quenches Life, but cannot Drouth.

Corisc. "Love over us, no pow'r can e're receive
"But what our slavish selves, *Mirtillo*, give,
"When by his fond desires mans soul is brought
"So poorly to be fetter'd to one thought;
"Love quickly Tyrannizes in his Breast,
"And straight grows up a Master from a Guest.

Mirt. Should not one Thought fill up *Mirtilloes* heart:
Is hers a Beauty to deserve but part?

Corisc.

Coriſc. "How weak, how ill a bargain fooliſh Swain,
"You make, to exchange kindneſs for diſdain?
Mirt. "The Cruelty of Beauty does refine
"A Lovers Faith, as fire the golden Mine.
"Where were the Sacred Loyalty of Love,
"If charming Women did not Tyrants prove.
Coriſc. "Oh wretched and unhappy thoſe, in whom
"That fooliſh Idol, Conſtancy finds room.
"Come rouze, *Mirtillo*, know your nobler parts.
"Look out, you cannot want a thouſand hearts.
Mirt. Though ſcorn'd and hated, I had rather fall
Her dying Victim, than command 'em all.
Coriſc. Oh horrour! how he tortures me. [*aſide.*
No doubt
You are poſſeſt with ſome kind flattering thought,
That though an outward Scorn ſhe's pleas'd to ſhow,
Like burning Mountains cover'd o're with Snow,
There's heat within. Enchanted Dreamer, no.
Mirt. "Theſe are but Trophies of my conſtant Love,
"By which I'le Tryumph o're the Gods above;
"O're Men below, my Torments and her Hate;
"O're Fortune and the World, o're Death and Fate.
Coriſc. "Wonder of Conſtancy! If this Man knew [*aſide.*
"How much he's loved by her, what would he do.
Mirtillo, were you e're in Love before.
Mirt. Her, and her only can my ſoul adore.
Coriſc. Then it ſhould ſeem your Heart was never laid,
But at the Feet of ſome diſdainful Maid.
"Oh that 't had been thy chance but once to be
"In Love with one that's gentle, curteous, free.
"Try that a little, try it, and thou'lt find
"How ſweet it is to meet with one that's kind.
"How pleaſant 'tis to have thy Mrs. twine
"About thy Neck, and her ſighs eccho thine.
"And after ſay, my Joy, All that I have,
"All that I am, and thy deſires can crave,
"At thy Devotion is. If *I* am fair;
"For thee I'm fair; for thee *I* deck this hair.

"This

"This Face, this Bosom, from this Breast of mine,
"I turn'd out my own heart to harbour thine.
Mirt. Happy's the man that's born under a Star
So fortunate!
Coriſc. "Dull Swain; a Nymph as fair
"As the proud'ſt ſhe that curles and ſpreads to th'Ayr
"Her Beauteous Treſſes, worthy of thy Love,
"As thou of hers: The Honour of this Grove,
"Love of all hearts, by every worthier Swain,
"In vain ſolicited, adored in vain,
"Does Love thee only, and thee only prize
"More than her Life, and for that Love ſhe dyes.
Mirt. If ſuch a Nymph there be, conceal her Name;
To all my other Tortures add not ſhame.
Let me not know ſhe ſuffers for my ſake,
And bluſh to think I no return can make.
Coriſc. "How-ever try what kindneſs is, taſt both.
Mirt. "Diſtemper'd Pallats all ſweet things do loath.
Coriſc. "Uncharitable Youth, art not thou poor,
"And cant'ſt thou beat a Beggar from thy door?
Mirt. "What Alms can Beggars give? Alas, I've Sworn
Allegiance, and a Traytor cannot turn.
Coriſc. "Blind Youth, who is it thou art conſtant to?
"I am unwilling to add Woe to Woe.
But can I ſee thee Cheated and Betray'd;
Her Honour ſold, thy Sighs her paſs-time made,
And yet not ſpeak? "No doubt but you ſuppoſe,
"This Cruelty from her ſtrict Vertue grows:
Thou art abuſed; that tireſome Vanity,
Call'd Innocence, ſhe has long ſince laid by.
Mirt. And can your profanation ſwell ſo high?
Coriſc. You'l not believe!
Mirt. Believe thee.
Coriſc. Then go on
In wilfull Ignorance, and be undone.
Mirt. "Oh Torture! I muſt dye if this be true.
Coriſc. "No, live dull Man, and thy Revenge purſue.
And though I know it will your heart-ſtrings tear,
Her falſehood I muſt ſpeak, and you muſt hear. "Then

" Then to convince you, see you yonder Cave;
" That is your Mrs. Faith and Honours Grave.
" In short, there oft a base-born Shepheard warms
" Thy Virtuous *Amaryllis* in his Arms.
There she her Bliss, her Life, her Heav'n does find:
The Ivy to the Oak's not half so kind.
" Now go and sigh, and whine, and constant prove
" To that kind Nymph that thus rewards thy Love.
Mirt. " Ah me *Coriſca*, dost thou tell me true?
" And is it fit I should believe thee too?
Coriſc. " Truth is, I did not see it, but thou may'st,
" And pre[illegible]y, for she her word has past
" To mee[illegible] there this very hour. But hide
" Thy self beneath this shady Hedges side,
" And thou shalt see her enter into th' Cave,
And after her, her happy amorous Slave.
Mirt. " So quickly must I dye?
Coriſc. " See, I have spyed
" Her coming down, already by the side
" O'th' Temple. Mark how guiltily she moves,
" Her stealing pace betraying their stolne Loves.
" To mark the sequel, do you here remain,
" And afterwards we two will meet again. *Exit.*
Mirt. " Since the discovery of the Truth's so near,
" With my Belief I will my Death defer.

Enter Amaryllis.

Amar. " I from the Temple come as light as Ayre:
How much Heav'n listens to a Virgins prayer!
" I kneel'd and pray'd, and strait I felt, me-thought,
" Another soul into my body shot.
" Which whisper'd, fear not, *Amaryllis*, go
" Securely on. Yes, and I will do so,
" Heav'n guiding me. Fair Queen of Love, befriend
" Her, who on thee for succour does depend:
" Thou that as Queen in the third Orb doest shine,
" If e're thou felt'st thy Sons flames, pity mine.
An humbler Votaress ne're kneelt before thy Shrine.
" Securely Enter; oh *Mirtillo*, oh } *Goes into*
" *Mirtillo*, could'st thou dream for what I go. } *the Cave.*

Mirt.

Mirt. "I wake and see what I could wish t'have been
"Born without Eyes, that I might not have seen.
"Or rather not to have been born; curst Fate,
"Why hast thou thus prolong'd my Lifes sad Date?
"To bring me to this killing Spectacle!
"*Mirtillo* more tormented than in Hell.
Dye then, *Mirtillo* dye——How dye, and give
The Traytor leave my Ruine to out-live.
"You that enjoy my spoyls, who e're you are,
"Since I must fall, shall my Destruction share.
Back to my Covert then I will repair,
And when the Villain shall approach, he dyes.
"But is't not base to kill him by surprize?
"What if her Wrongs I openly should right?
"That would proclaim the cause for which we fight.
"Dye basely then thou base Adulterer,
"That hast slain me, and hast dishonour'd her.
"I, but the blood may, if I kill him here,
"The Murder show, and that the Murderer.
"What need I care? Yes, but the Murther knows,
"Betrays the cause, for which the Murder's done.
But her staind blood, has not so quencht my flame;
I'de kill her Guilt, but would not wound her fame.
"Close then in branches on the Rocks left side,
"Within the mouth oth' Cave, my self I'le hide:
And when I see her impious Minion come,
I'le give th' Adulterer and her shame one Tomb.

Enter Sylvano.

"And your dear foot-steps which I long have trac'd
"In vain, un-erring path lead me at last
"To where my Love is hid. To You I bow,
"Your Print I follow. Oh *Corisca*, now
"I do believe thee. Now thou hast told me true.

[*Goes into the Cave.*

Sylv. "Does he believe *Corisca*, and pursue
"Her steps to *Erycinas* Cave? A Beast

Has,

"Has Wit enough to apprehend the reſt.
Is there a Devil like a Woman damn'd
In Luſt? Not Hell is half ſo much inflam'd?
Her guilt and ſhame is but too plain,
" This Strumpet to this Swain her ſelf has ſold
Bewitching Luſt, but more bewitching Gold.
" And here by the falſe Light now of this Vault,
" Delivers the bad ware which he has bought;
" Or rather 'tis Heav'ns Juſtice that has ſent
" Her hither, to receive her puniſhment
" From my Revenging hands. The words he ſaid,
" Seem'd to imply ſome promiſe ſhe had made,
" Which he believed: and by his ſpying here
" Her print, that ſhe's within the Cave, 'tis cleer.
" Do wiſely then, and ſtop the mouth oth' Cave
" With that great hanging ſtone, that they may have
" No means of ſcaping; to the Prieſt then go,
" And bring by the back way, which few men know,
" His Miniſters to take her in the fact;
And by her death, my deareſt Vengeance act.
Juſtice, Revenge, Heav'n and my injur'd Love,
Joyn all your pow'rs with mine, this Rock to move.

[*Shuts the Cave with a piece of the Rock.*

" So now the Fox is trapt, and finely ſhut
" Where ſhe had Earth'd her ſelf. I'le ſtraight go put
" Fire to the hole; where *I* could wiſh to find
" The reſt of Women to deſtroy the kind.

Exit.

The End of the Third Act.

ACT the fourth. Scene the first.

Enter Coriſca.

Coriſc. "THis day has Heav'n and Earth, Nature & Art,
"Fortune and Fate, Friend and Foe ta'ne [my part.
"How much more happily (to make her ſin
"Look more like Truth) Fate brought *Mirtillo* in,
"Then *I* contriv'd to have brought *Coridon?*
And how as luckily was that great ſtone
Roul'd by *Sylvano* o're the mouth o'th' Cave?
Who cou'd expect ſuch Service from that Slave?

Enter Sylvano.

Sylv. Coriſca here! thou damn'd perfidious Cheat;
I thought by this *I* had cur'd your amorous heat.
How comes it, Devil, that *I* find thee here?

Coriſc. To find me here, where lyes the wonder? where,
Did you expect me?

Sylv. To have found thee Fool'd,
Snar'd and betray'd, thy wanton courage cool'd;
Led to a Temple, there t'have undergone
That puniſhment my Vengeance had pull'd down,
And thy loud Crimes deſerv'd: *I* thought *I* ſhou'd
Have ſeen
Shame written in thy Fore-head, and thy Blood.

Coriſc. Audacious Slave!

Sylv. Was not that Stone enough
To hold ye? are not Rocks and Marble proof
Againſt the Aſſaults of Luſt? How got ye off?
Speak Sorcereſs!

Coriſc. What does the Traytor mean?

Sylv. How got you out o'th' Cave, that dear dark Scene
Of Villany, t'eſcape the Miniſter
Of Juſtice, which I ſent to ſeize you there?

Have

Have you broke Priſons, or ſubverted Laws,
Or baffled Juſtice; made your impious cauſe
Like thoſe fair looks which your falſe colours paint;
Acted a Devil and appear'd a Saint?
Which of 'em was't? or was it all? ſay, how?
All this bewitching Womans power can do.
Coriſc. I ſcorn thy Imputations ſavage Slave.
'Twas *Amaryllis* that was found i'th'Cave.
And with *Mirtillo* caught, th'Adulteſs dyes.
Can thy black ſoul, with all its Treacheries,
Father on guiltleſs me thy barb'rous Lyes.
Sylv. Did he not name your Name in entring in,
And ſay you had told him true——Oh I begin
To find the Cheat; ſome trick to take her head.
Nothing that's truth can from thy tongue proceed.
I'le to the Prieſt, and clear her of the guilt.
No blood but thine ſhall by my rage be ſpilt.
I'le ſwear thy Treaſons, and her death prevent;
And falſe, or true, I'le prove her Innocent. [*offers to go.*
Coriſc. Sylvano ſtay, and hear me e're you go.
God's! for a little of the Woman now.
This Villain, if his flight I do not ſtay, *aſide.*
Will ruine all my Love, and all my Plots betray.
You've often ſaid you Lov'd *Coriſca.*
Sylv. True.
Coriſc. And ſhe has often ſaid that ſhe lov'd you.
Sylv. And I, Fool as I was, believ'd you too.
Coriſc. Why was that Faith a Crime? how can you ſtill
See by falſe lights, and read my thoughts ſo ill?
How oft my ſeeming falſehood you've purſu'd,
Even to my death, and ſought my guiltleſs blood?
Nay, when your Jealouſie ſo high could ſwell,
And your blind fears, you thought, diſcern'd ſo well,
You ſee kind Heav'n your Errour does prevent,
And, cruel Man, you find me Innocent.
Sylv. Becauſe I once have had a falſe diſtruſt,
Therefore my Jealouſie muſt ne're be juſt.
Coriſc. Well, if I am ſtill that Monſter you ſuppoſe,

However, ſure ſome ſigne of Love it ſhews;
When I can tamely hear you treat me thus,
And yet forgive a ſtyle ſo infamous.

Sylv. Oh *Syren*, canſt thou Love? how many Rogues,
And Villains, odious Slaves, and hated Dogs,
Have I been call'd; and treated like 'em too?
Do, call this Love, yes perjur'd Woman, do.

Coriſc. To thoſe harſh words, I was by paſſion driven:
Things done in ſtorms, ſhould be in calmes forgiven.
Beſides, I have been treated too as ill;
And yet through all your Rage, you Lov'd me ſtill.

Sylv. And you deſerv'd it; you can't leſs than prove
A Miracle of Faith, of Truth and Love:
You've ſuch a wondrous ſtock: ask *Corydon*,
Philander, *Strephon*, *Niſo*, *Clitophon*,
Philiſides, *Geron*, *Thyrſis*, *Doreo*.
By all thoſe Legions of your Loves you're true.

Coriſc. How can your fears ſuch wild Chimæra's frame?
Can you my harmleſs Converſation blame?

Sylv. How harmleſly you their kind Viſits paid,
Witneſs the Aſſignations you have made,
The Preſents you receiv'd, the curſed Gold,
For which your Vows were broke, and Honour ſold.

Coriſc. Can you object the Gifts and Treats they made,
And think thoſe Tributes were with Love repaid?
Our Companies requite the Treats we take,
And our Acceptance pays the Gifts they make.
I kept 'em Company——was it ill done
To hear all Loves, when I receiv'd but one?

Sylv. Oh Cunning!

Coriſc. She beſtows a worthleſs heart,
Whoſe feeble Eyes, had never but one Dart.
'Tis a dull prize that's never ſought but once;
But thus their weak pretences I renounce:
I'm all *Sylvano*'s ſacred and entire.

Sylv. Magick and Witchcraft, I ſhall take new fire.

Coriſc. Alas, I made you Jealous on deſign,
T' aſſure your Love before I made you mine.

Since

Since Marriage is a Bond that tyes till death,
Could I have too much tryal of your Faith?
Sylv. Death and the Devil! I am ſnar'd agen.
The tame and ſilly loving Fool's got in.
Coriſc. Men beſt expreſs how Treaſures they eſteem
By the concern they ſhew in loſing 'em.
Your rage and ſtorms to think me perjur'd, prove
The violence and ardence of your Love.
And to requite the tedious pains you've born,
Accept in bluſhes this laſt juſt return. } *Gives him her*
To morrow at the Altar ſeal my heart. } *hand.*
Sylv. Thou wilt be true, thou muſt—by Heav'ns thou art.
[*Kiſſes her hand.*
Coriſc. In all my Charms there my Dear Love I'le meet,
And lay my ſoul at kind *Sylvano*'s feet.
But one thing I forget;
Do not defend that naughty Womans cauſe,
Let the lewd ſhameful Wretch ſuffer the Laws.
They have met there before, a hundred times.
But let her dye vile Creature for her Crimes.
I hate that odious ſin ſo much; may all
That practice it, as much unpittyed fall.
Sylv. Forgive me, if I take my ſelf away:
To morrows Bliſs permits me not to ſtay.
I muſt prepare for our dear Nuptial day.
And the bright Sun when he ſalutes the skie,
No *Perſian* ſhall adore ſo much as I:
But ſee I find you true.
Coriſc. Can you ſuſpect me now?
By my Religion and my Life I'm true.
Sylv. Pray Heaven this pious reſolution laſt,
For to your Sex that Grace comes not in haſt.
Coriſc. Why this miſtruſt?
Sylv. You know you never told me truth before.
Coriſc. Now you're unkind.
Sylv. Well I'le ſuſpect no more.
I will believe you juſt; and live in hope
Falſehood in Woman, is a ſtream may ſtop.

Grant ye great Gods (that one kind wonder do)
Once in a life a Woman may ſpeak true. *Exit.*

Coriſc. Poor credulous Fool——What dangers did I ſhun?
Had I not us'd this Cheat, I had been undone.
Had the bold Slave appear'd in her defence,
He had cruſht my Plots, and prov'd her Innocence.
But now thanks to my Wit,
His preparations for his faithful Bride,
No doubt has found him work enough beſide.
Proud Rival, nothing now thy Fate ſhall ſtay:
The gaudy Sacrifice muſt bleed to day. *Exit.*

SCENE the Second.

Enter Montano, Amaryllis *bound, with Attendants.*

Mont. "Baſe preſent Age, which doſt with thy impure
"Delights, the beauty of the ſoul obſcure,
"Teaching to Nurſe a Dropſie in the Veins,
Bridling the look, but giveſt deſire the Reins.
"Thus like a Net that ſpread, and cover'd lyes,
"With leaves and tempting Flowers, thou doſt diſguiſe
"With coy and holy Guiles a Womans heart,
"Mak'ſt Life a Play, and Vertue but a Part.
"They think it not a fault Loves Sweets to ſteal,
"So from the World they can the Theft conceal.

Amar. "Had I been guilty, then it wou'd have been
"Leſs grievous to me to have Death pay ſin.
But now to dye thus Innocent, in all
"My pride of Youth and Fortune thus to fall,
"Is a ſad caſe.

Mont. A ſad one 'tis indeed,
When at one ſtroke th'*Arcadian* hopes muſt bleed.
Thou born of Heavenly Race, born to aſſwage
A Nation's griefs, t'appeaſe a Goddeſs Rage;
"One that for Heavenly Beauty, merited
"Temples and ſacred Victims, to be led
"Thy ſelf to th'Altar as a Sacrifice.
"Who could behold it without melting Eyes.
Oh wretched fall!

Amar. "For all this have not I
"Tranſgreſt the Law, but Innocently dye.

"But

"Must I then dye *Montano*, must I dye?
"None left to hear, none to defend me left?
"Of all abandon'd, of all hope bereft?
"Only of such a mocking pitty made
"The wretched object as affords no aid.

Mont. "Be patient Nymph, and give me cause to tell,
"Though thou didst ill, yet that thou suffer'st well.
"Look up to Heaven, that gave thee Birth, and be
"Content with what is writ above for thee.

Amar. Oh 'tis a cruel Sentence, whether given
By Men or Gods, or writ in Earth or Heaven:
But writ in Heaven I am sure it cannot be,
For that does my unsullied Bosom see;
And there my injur'd Innocence is known,
Stands fair, and shines before th'Eternal Throne.
"But what does that avail, if I my Life must pay?

Mirt. "Who fears to dye, dyes every hour i'th'day.
"Why hang'st thou back, and draw'st a painful breath?
"Death has no ill in't, but the fear of Death;
"And they that dye when they have heard their Doom,
"Flye from their Death.

Amar. "Perhaps some help may come.

Mont. Good Nymph no more, our duty calls us hence;
I with your stay no longer can dispence.

Amar. "Dear Woods adieu then, my dear Woods adieu,
"Receive these sighs (my last ones) into you,
"Till my cold shade, forc'd from her seat by dire
"And unjust Seel, to your lov'd shades retire;
"For sink to Hell it can't, being Innocent,
"Nor soar to Heaven, laden with discontent.
"*Mirtillo*, dear *Mirtillo*, most accurst
"The day I saw, the day I pleas'd thee first:
Without thy Love, death would less frightful be;
My greatest pain in death, is, losing thee.

Enter Corisca.

Is this the Nymph accuses me, dear Friend,
Thy goodness cannot to such crimes descend;
Rescue my Honour, and my Life defend.

Corisc.

Coriſc. Dear *Amaryllis*, your own actions blame;
You loſt my Friendſhip when you loſt your Fame.
Amar. Nay, then my ruine does too plain appear,
I little thought ſuch Treaſon harbour'd here. (me?
Coriſc. Treaſon! Heaven knows my heart.—Treaſon in
No, I'de not wrong my mortal Enemy:
Becauſe I've ſpoyld her amorous deſign,
She would repair her Fame by wounding mine:
But Sir, I am a Witneſs of her ſin,
I ſaw this Wanton Nymph ſteal ſoftly in:
A glowing colour all her Face o'reſpread;
It made me bluſh to ſee her look ſo red.
At her approach, behind a Buſh I ſtept,
And unperceiv'd, my watching ſtation kept:
The eager Youth came after her in haſt;
His looks leſs fearful, and his ſteps more faſt,
And bluſtring, ruſht into the Cave, whilſt I,
Oh the ſtrange Charms of Curioſity——
Amar. Oh my tir'd patience! Oh thou barbarous
Inhumane Nymph, t'abuſe my Virtue thus;
What Treacheries did ever I deſign
Againſt thy blood, that thou ſhould'ſt thirſt for mine.
Coriſc. Abuſe thy Virtue! thou haſt none to wrong;
But not to make th'unpleaſing tale too long,
Cloſe to the Rock my liſt'ning Ear I laid,
And th'hollow Cave this gentle ſound convey'd;
On the cold ground, as the Nymph panting lay,
In a faint dying Voyce, I heard her ſay,
What ſhift does poor Love make? to which the Swain,
With a brisk joy, thus Anſwer'd her again:
No ſhining Monarchs in their Beds of Gold,
And their proud Arms do ſo much Treaſure hold,
Not half my Bliſs, nor half thy ſweetneſs taſt.
Amar. Oh torture me no more, dear Sir, make haſt,
Send me to Execution, let me dye;
'Tis worſe than death to hear this Blaſphemy. [*Ex. guarded.*
Coriſc. See with what haſt ſhe takes her ſelf away;
Her guilt's ſo terrible, ſhe dares not ſtay:

Yet

Yet there's such winning Beauty in her Face,
That I protest, were I to judge her case,
My tender-hearted Nature is so good,
I should forgive her sin: I Vow I shou'd. *Exit.*

Mont. "Fair Golden Age, when Milk was th'only Food:
"The Cradle of the Infant-World the Wood,
"Rockt by the Winds, when th'untouch't Flock did brew
"Their dear Young for themselves. None then did fear
"The Sword or Poyson; no black thoughts begun
"T'Eclipse the light of the Eternal Sun:
"Nor wandring pines unto a forreign shore,
"Or War, or Riches (a worse mischief) bore.
"That Idol, Honour, which th'Ambitious blinds,
"Was not till now the Tyrant of our minds;
No Lawless wishes then, no Perjuries
Corrupted Love; then the blind God had Eyes.
"Husband and Lover signifi'd one thing;
"True Love, and the delights true Love does bring,
"Was Honour to those sober minds that knew
"No Happiness, but what from Virtue grew;
Dear Heaven that state of Innocence renew. *Exit.*

Enter Mirtillo.

Mirt. Wretched *Mirtillo*, to the Temple flye,
And there behold thy *Amaryllis* dye;
A Martyr to thy groundless Jealousie.
Oh damn'd *Corisca*, thou Infernal Hag;
Do, boast thy Treasons, and thy Trophies brag;
And as the greatest Curse that I can give,
May'st thou but dye with half the pain I live.

SCENE the Third.

Enter Dorinda *disguis'd in a Coat of Furs.*

Dorind. Sylvio, when I appear in my own shape,
Takes all the care my presence to escape;
And when my sighs I utter, then he speaks
With so much scorn, that my poor heart he breaks;
But thus disguis'd I may his foot-steps trace,
"Securely gaze upon his lovely Face.

"Live in the Sun-shine his fair Eyes do cast,
Follow my Love, and near my Heaven be plac'd.
But what if he should see through my Disguise?
Tho Love, they say, is blind, yet Hate has Eyes.
Wretched *Dorinda*, every way thou'rt lost:
Was ever poor unhappy Maid so crost?
Well, from my Love you too unkindly flye,
The Nymphs will chide you *Sylvio* when I dye.
I'm the last Conquest too you'ere will make:
For none of 'em will Love you for my sake.
Wearied and tir'd, I grow so faint, I'le try
If I can sleep, in yonder brake I'le lye,
If they can sleep that Love so much as I. } *Exit.*

Enter Sylvio, *with* Linco *and other Shepherds, a Boars Head being carry'd before him in Triumph, the Shepherds Sing.*

"Oh glorious Youth, true Child of Hercules,
"That kilst with ease such Monstrous Beasts as these.

Lynco. "Oh glorious Conquerour, by whom lyes slain
"The terrour of th' *Arcadian* plain:
"This is the famous Trophy, Noble Toyle
"Of him whom we our Demi-god must stile
"Extol his great Name Shepherds, and this day
"Keep ever Solemn, ever Holy-day.

The Shepherds Sing.

"*Oh glorious Youth, true Child of Hercules,*
"*That Kilst with ease such Monstrous Beasts as these.*

Lynco. "Oh glorious Youth, who didst despise thy own
"For others safeties.
Sylv. All that I have done,
Was but my duty. "Vertue climbs her Throne
"By these steep Stairs, and the high Gods have set
"Danger and Toyle before her Pallace Gate.

The

The Shepherds Song.

Thanks Conqueror to thee, no more shall the Clown
Be scar'd from the Plough, and the Tillage lay down;
" *He shall Sow the plump Seed, & from Earths pregnant Womb,*
" *Expect the wisht fruit when the Season is come:*
No more shall the Shepherds be frighted away,
The Nymphs and their Loves in the Forrests shall play.
Chor. No more shall the Shepherds, &c.

Lync. " Such peradventure was the famous Bore
" *Alcides* slew, yet so thy glory's more;
" 'Tis thy first labour, but his third.
" But with wild Beasts thy Infant Valour playes,
" To kill worse Monsters in thy riper dayes.
Sylv. " But stay, I see, unless my eyes mistake
" A greyish thing at Couch in yonder brake;
" Sure some wilde Beast, most certainly 'tis one
More Tryumphs still, my Victories to Crown.
Direct this Arrow by thy power Divine,
And *Cynthia*, the devoted head is thine. [*Sylvio draws an Arrow and shoots; at which* Lynco, *and some of the other Shepherds go out.*

Sylv. " What have I done, what have my Eyes beheld?
" In a Beasts skin I have a Shepherd kill'd:
Sylvio an end to all thy Tryumphs give;
" Throw down thy Weapons and inglorious live.
Enter Lynco *and the former Shepherds, leading in* Dorinda *bleeding as wounded with an Arrow.*

Lync. Lean gently on my Arm.
Dorin. May I not know——
Sylv. Dorinda!
Dorin. To what hand my death I owe?
Lynco. To *Sylvio's*.
Dorin. Must I *Sylvio's* Martyr prove?
Sylv. How ill poor Nymph have I repaid thy Love.
Dor. Kill'd by so dear a hand?
Sylv. How can I gaze

On so much ruine? dare I see that Face
And live? "No, flye thy guilt, flye thy disgrace;
"Yet something holds me, and would make me run
"To her, whom I of all the world did shun.
Dorin. Why do you look so wildly,—do not start
At what you've done; if you have struck my heart;
It was your own, and that can be no fault:
"Those hands to wound me, your fair Eyes have taught.
Sylv. Run *Linco*, flye, and bring some quick relief;
Bring all your help, Friends, Arts to save her Life;
Fly as you value my Eternal Bliss. [*Exit* Linco.
Dorin. This Care is wondrous kind, indeed it is.
But now I fear it comes too late.
Sylv. Too late.
Divert ye Gods this bloody Scene of Fate,
And save her Life, or I must ever howle:
Horrors and Hell will haunt my tortur'd soul.
Dorin. Wipe your dear Eyes, this grief I cannot see.
You are too good to be disturb'd for me:
But if you think my death a fault has been,
Let me enjoyn the pennance for your sin:
When I am dead, dear *Sylvio*, do but come
Once in a day, and visit my cold Tomb.
And when you see the pretty Garlands hung,
About my Grave, to shew I dy'd so young,
And think how the bewailing Nymphs all met,
With trembling hands the Cypress branches set,
And mixt the flowers their tender Eyes all wet;
When you shall read upon the little Stone,
Here lyes Dorinda *by her Love undone*,
And o're my dust the weeping Marble see,
Then with a sigh you will remember me.
Sylv. Remember thee; is this weak Tribute all
That I must pay for thy unhappy fall?
Dorin. And, is not this enough? Will you do more
Then sigh for my poor sake; nay, then you shall weep too,
And mourn for me, as I have done for you.
Say, will you not?

Sylv.

Sylv. Is that all I can pay?
A Pious Mourner at your Grave I'le stay,
And on your Marble, weep my Life away.
Why could our meeting Souls no sooner joyne?
Now dear *Dorinda*, I am intirely thine. (mine.
Dorind. Then I'le dye pleas'd, if Death hath made you
Sylv. Must so much goodness dye? when thou art dead,
And all that's dear on Earth's for ever fled;
Thus o're thy Dust I'le hang my drooping Head.
Dorin. But will you wish I were alive agen?
Sylv. More then for Heaven.
Dorind. But would you love me then?
Sylv. More than the Saints love Bliss; I'de be all thine:
No Constancy, no Faith, no Love like mine.
Dorind. With Joy before I could my Life resign.
But Death will now but little welcome find,
Now I'de fain live to hear you speak thus kind.

Enter Lyneo *and* Dametas.

Sylv. Oh save her Life, with hers redeem my Fate: [*to* Da.
Restore her Heaven; but if I pray too late,
If Faith on Earth the Gods above regard,
With Constellations, and with Crowns reward,
No common Coronet's reserv'd for thee
In Heav'n, in Hell no common pains for me.

Exeunt.

The End of the Fourth Act.

ACT

ACT the fifth.

SCENE, the Temple of *Diana.*

Amaryllis *appears bound, with Guards of* Shepherds *attending, with a Heads-man and an Axe.*

Enter to her Mirtillo, *who kneels to her.*

Amar. *Mirtillo* rise, this posture does not fit
My dying state: And though our Sex admit
Such humble Tribute in their Pomp and Pride,
Now I must lay that Vanity aside.

Mirt. If so much Innocence must bleed, and all
Th' unaiding Gods can see such Virtue fall:
Where all my Vows, and all my Prayers are due,
Be not offended if thus low I bow,
You are a part of Heav'n, and 'tis my Duty now.

Amar. *Mirtillo*, do not chide me when I own,
I grieve in death we two must part so soon.

Mirt. Oh my charm'd Ears, dear Excellence go on.

Amar. Had Life been mine, I had kept this secret hid;
But Modestys strict Laws sure can't forbid
To own my kindness now. Yet if it be
A fault, my dear *Mirtillo*, to impart
The tender secrets of a dying heart,
I shall be quickly punisht for my sin;
That Tongue that utters it, ne're speaks agin.
And you'l soon see in Scarlet currents flow,
That blood that blushes when I tell you so.

Mirt. What divine Raptures from this sweetness flow.
But after all these blessings must you dye;
Never was happiness wound up so high,
To break so soon.

Amar. Since I have gone thus far,
I can't but let you all my weakness hear.

By a feign'd Plot the false *Corisca* laid
Into that fatal Cave I was betray'd,
To have found *Sylvio* false; and enter'd in,
By the just forfeit of his Faithless sin,
To break the Fetters I was doom'd to wear;
And so recall my Vows to pay 'em here.

Mirt. Now t' all this dazeling kindness hear
From me, the barbarous return I made.
I too was to that fatal Cave betray'd.
I saw you enter in, and my blind Jealousie
By false *Coriscas* Arts was thus so high,
That my Accurst misguided soul had fram'd
Those black and hideous thoughts, for which 'tis damn'd.
I went to find a Base-born Shepherd there,
Divinely good, and excellently fair.
Now judge, if in the race of man there be
A Devil such as I, or Saint like thee.

Amar. Mirtillo, 'twas unkind, 'twas much unkind.

Mirt. Is that the harshest name, that you can find?
Why was I made the Monster of Man-kind?
Suspect such Innocence, such goodness doubt;
No Infidel but I durst harbour such a thought.
Just Heav'n by your wing'd Lightning let me burn,
And fall a Funeral Taper at her Urn.

Amar. Hold unkind Sir——

Mirt. Let me go on: What Curse too great can be
For that Infernal Slave that Murders thee?

Amar. As I forgive you Sir (and may Heav'n too)
No farther this unpleasing style pursue.

Mirt. Must I be silent then?

Amar. Yes Sir, you shall.
To our unhappy Stars impute my fall.

Mirt. Oh Miracle of Goodness!

Amar. And if e'er
You truely Loved, let your calm looks appear.
This as I'm dying, sure you can't deny.
'Tis worse to bear your horrours than to dye.

Mirt.

Mirt. Divinest of thy Sex, thou art obey'd;
I'le summon all my Courage to my aid.

Enter Coriſca.

Coriſca here?

Coriſc. The Prieſt within, and the chief Miniſters
Are feasting Heav'n with Sacrifice and Pray'rs.
The place is ſafe, and I may ſpeak. Her Guards
Keep diſtance, and I ſhall not be o're-heard.

Mirt. Dares thy Accurſed Face——

Coriſc. What diſmal Prologue's there? *Aside.*
No Sir, it is my kindneſs brings me here.
I come to ſave her Life.

Mirt. Wilt thou protect her Life, and clear her Fame.

Cor. I will.

Mirt. Then I'le raiſe Altars to thy Name.

Coriſc. When I betray'd you——

Mirt. I forgive the ſin.
Name it no more; thou art all white again.
Save but her Life, and in immortal Charms
I'le Live for ever.

Coriſc. Hold. Not in her Arms.

Mirt. What do I hear?

Coriſc. Unſeal your blinded Eyes.
I am that Nymph, who for *Mirtillo* dyes.
And once my Rivals Murder had deſign'd,
But thanks to Heav'n I've chang'd that bloody mind.
The Guilt's all gone, but yet the Love remains.
Mirtillo, if in pitty to my pains,
You can be moved by a ſad Virgins Prayer,
To ſave my Life by killing my Deſpair:
Your hand to me before this Altar give,
And *Amaryllis* for that Grace ſhall live.

Amar. Oh horrour! what a killing ſound is here?

Coriſc. Nor for her ſafety think you pay ſo dear.
I rob you Sir of nothing. She can ne'e
Be Yours; the Bars that Deſtiny has thrown
Betwixt your Loves, have your vain hopes undone.

Amar.

Amar. By her falſe Accuſations let me dye.
If nothing but your Love my Life can buy,
That mighty ſum do not too Prodigally pay;
That hour that takes *Mirtilloes* heart away,
My Death begins. Then let it gently come;
Let me not ſink in Tortures to my Tomb.
Coriſc. Oh my wrack'd heart!
Mirt. Oh my tranſported ſoul!
Was ever Love ſo true?
Coriſc. Was ever Fool
So Idle? Yes, embrace thy amorous Prize:
Fill thy fond Arms, and glut thy greedy Eyes:
But know in one half hour thy darling dyes.
Mirt. Infernal Fiend.
Forgive me; Angel, was the word I meant. } *Kneels to*
Save but her Life, and be my Tutelar Saint. } Coriſca.

Enter Montano, Ergaſto, Linco, *and ſeveral* Shepherds *and* Prieſts *in Proceſſion, ſinging.*

SONG.

" Sols *Siſter, Daughter of great* Jupiter,
" *That ſhin'ſt a ſecond Sun in the firſt Sphear,*
" *To the blind World.*
" *Thou, whoſe Life-giving and more temp'rate ray*
" *Thy Brothers burning fury does allay.*
" *Ah pitty thy* Arcadia, *and that rage*
" *Thou doſt in others in thy ſelf aſſwage.*

Mirt. " Once more your ſacred Voyces all Unite;
" And once agen invoke the Queen of Night.

Second SONG.

Where's artleſs Innocence and guiltleſs Loves,
If they are Baniſht the Arcadian *Groves.*
Fair Cynthia, *though late,*
Pitty the Ruins of a World, " *Create*
" *In us true Honour: Virtue's all the State*

" *Great souls should keep. To these poor Cells return,*
" *Which were thy Courts, but now thy absence mourn:*
" *From their dead sleeps awake,*
All those Lethargick Infidels,
Who following their corrupted Wills,
" *Thee and the glory of the ancient World forsake.*

Mirt. To what dire Prodigies does sin give Birth?
" The Goddess sweats cold drops of blood; the Earth
" Is Palsie shook; the sacred Cavern houls
" With such unwonted sounds as tortur'd souls
" Send out of Graves: Our blasted Victims show
Our Ills too plain, and our Revenge too slow.
Mirt. These Prodigies by angry Heav'n are sent
To prove this perjur'd Beauty Innocent.
Mistake not, Holy Sir;
When Justice strikes, and suffering Criminals dye,
The Gods look smiling, and serene their Sky.
These horrors all from Innocent blood arise:
Heaven's only Clouded when the guiltless dyes.
Corisc. How! guiltless? would she were: Then these chast Groves
Had never been profaned with impious Loves.
Her Infamy had then not been so loud;
Nor had this Funeral pomp drawn all this mourning crowd.
Mirt. Exquisite Fiend!
Oh Sir, believe her not.
This Injur'd Virgins Honour has no spot.
A purer Saint the undeserving World ne're graced;
A brighter Star in Heav'n was never placed:
The Goddess you adore is not more Chast.
Mont. Forbear this Blasphemy.
Corisc. No, let him Rave;
'Tis all the pleasure that poor Lovers have.
No kindness yet. [*aside to* Mirt.
Mirt. Oh my distracted Soul!
Corisc. Yet yield, and she shall live. [to *Mirt.*
Mirt. No Traytress.
Corisc. Constant Fool!

Mont. Now Nymph, before the Fatal ſtroke is given,
If thou would'ſt reconcile thy ſelf to Heaven,
Make thy laſt Prayer.

Amar. Kneeling. Since then my Stars my Martyrdom decree,
My injur'd Fame, dear Heav'n, I leave to Thee.
Clear but my ſullyed Name, when I am dead,
And willingly to th'Axe I'le bow my Head.
"My Body to its Native duſt I give:
"My Soul to Him, in whom alone I live.

Mirt. If ſhe muſt dye:
Here my laſt Vows I'le ſeal. [*Kneels & kiſſes her hand.*

Mont. Rude Swain forbear,
Such profanation is not ſuffer'd here.

Mirt. You may more eaſily Seas from Seas divide:
Our Souls are joyn'd, and make one mixing Tide.

Mont. Force 'em aſunder. } *The Attendants*
'Tis no wonder Heav'n } *force 'em apart.*
Has ſuch dread ſigns of its diſpleaſure given:
When their own Rites they thus polluted ſee,
And from ſuch ſtains not their own Altars free.

Mirt. Is there ſuch Treaſon in a parting kiſs?
For ever torn from all my deareſt bliſs.

Amar. Mirtillo, this is an unkind Divorce;
But let their cruel Rites have their free courſe.
Love at this diſtance, no ſtrict Laws deny:
Thus I'le look bleſſings on You, and then dye.

Enter Carino *and* Dameta.

Car. Hold, hold, your Fatal Doom!

Mirt. My Father here?

Carin. Yes, and thy Father is thy Murderer.
Thou art *Montanoes* Son; and if he give
Her Death, in whom thy Life does only live,
'Tis his own blood he ſpills.

Mont. Take heed bold Man.

Car. Sir I ſpeak truth, and fright me if you can.
The Son you loſt i'th'deluge, is this Youth;
I found him lodged near our *Alpheos* mouth

" Undround: His Cradle like a little boat,
" Into the Woods had carryed him afloat.
Such care had Heav'n——

Mont. Where is *Dameta?*

Dam. Here.

Mont. " When you came back ('tis since some 20. year)
" From seeking of my Child, which the swoln brook,
" By 'ts rapid Inundations from me took:
" Did you not say that you had sought with pain,
" All that *Alpheo* Baths, and all in vain.
" How comes it then——

Dam. Your pardon Royal Sir,
I went to seek him, and I found him there.
But this good Man had kept him as his Son,
And Fear made me conceal what he had done.
Because the Oracle fore-told me there,
" *That if the Child then found should e're*
" *Return, he should be like to dye,*
" *By his mis-guided Fathers Cruelty.*

Mont. " Ah me! it is too clear: This act of mine,
" My Dream and th'Oracle did well Divine.
Why did the Gods protect my drowning Child?
Preserve my blood to have it thus defil'd.

Mirt. Great Sir, from whom my Royal Birth I draw,
I claim the favour of th'*Arcadian* Law:
When Criminals are doom'd to bleed,
Equals in blood in their Exchange may dye,
And now that Equal to her blood am I.
How can you see such Fetters on those hands?
Make haste, unty, unty those impious Bands.
And in her place, by the kind Gods decree,
Your *Cynthias* juster Victim, offer me.

Corisc. Now all my hopes are ruin'd——
Foolish Swain! [*aside.*
By my curst Arts my dear *Mirtillo* slain!

Amar. Why generous Youth do you pursue this claim?
You'l save me from the Axe to dye with shame.

Mirt. What glory to my Royal Birth I owe,
When to redeem thy Life, my blood may flow.
Coriſc. I cannot ſee him dye. [*aſide.*
Enter Sylvano.
If you have pitty for a Virgins Prayer, [*kneels.*
For your own blood, this dear Youths blooming years,
And your *Arcadias* hope——
Sylvan. What do I ſee!
By all the Devils in her Soul, 'tis ſhe.
Coriſc. Alas, I've been unkind——
Mont. What does ſhe ſay?
Coriſc. To Death with him; take the fond Fool away.
Pray for his Life! my dull miſtake forgive.
A Slave ſo ſenſeleſs don't deſerve to live.
Sylvan. By all that's good, ſhe Loves the ſmooth-fac'd Youth.
Sir, I Conjure you by your Love to Truth:
By all your piety, the Gods you fear,
Believe her not; that Monſter do not hear.
On her own head let your kind Juſtice fall;
She has Cheated You, Her, Him; Betray'd you all.
Treaſon's her buſineſs, Poyſon's in her Tears;
Perdition in her ſoul; ſhe never Swears
But ſhe is Perjur'd; if ſhe ſpeaks, ſhe Lyes;
And all the Prayers ſhe makes, are Blaſphemies.
Carin. "Thou art the happieſt Father, and moſt dear
"To the immortal Deities; ſee here
"The long-kept ſecret of our Fate made clear.
"Tears of delight in ſuch abundance flow,
"From out my heart, I ſcarce can ſpeak. *Our Woe,*
"*Our Woe ſhall end when two of race Divine,*
"*Love ſhall combine,*
"And for a Faithleſs Nymphs Apoſtate ſtate,
"A faithful Shepherd Supererrogate,
Of Heav'nly race is not this Youth, when thine?
And *Amaryllis* is of race Divine.
"And what great Sir, but Love has them combin'd?
Sylvio, by Parents and by Force was joyn'd,

To

" To *Amaryllis*, and is yet as far
" From Loving her, as Love and Hatred are.
Mont. " In what a mist of Errors, how profound
" A night of Ignorance have I been drownd?
By every Circumstance 'tis evident
" The fatal Voyce, none but *Mirtillo* meant.
" For who indeed since slain *Amintas* Death
" Expreſt such Love as he? such constant Faith?
" Who but *Mirtillo* for his Mrs. wou'd,
" Since true *Amintas* spend his deareſt blood?
" This is that work of Supererrogation;
" This is that faithful Shepherds expiation
For the Apostate *Lucrin's* fact. Now Son,
Compleat a Nations joys, and Crown thy own. [*Gives him* Amarylis.
Mirt. Then the Immortal Treasure let me seize,
And thus kind Sir, embrace your sacred knees.
Amar. Our Loves thus Crown'd, *Ergasto* flye, and save
My wretched mourning Father from a Grave:
Tell him I live, and all his fears remove.
Mirt. Thy Piety's as Charming as thy Love.
Coriſc. Break, break my heart.
Mont. But as the Gods ordein'd
T'unite your hearts, your hearts must be unstain'd.
Heav'n that preserved thy Childhood from the Flood,
By Miracle restored thee to my Blood;
And to oblige Man-kind, decreed this tye,
Could do no less than guard her Chastity.
As you dread Tortures, Death, and angry Heav'n, [*to Cor.*
Confeſs her Injuries and be forgiven.
Repent, and say she's Innocent.
Coriſc. I do.
I wrong'd you Sir, but yet I loved you too. [*to Mir.*
Sylvan. Yes, she has loved him, and all Man-kind beside;
The Sex is not enough to please her Pride.
Coriſc. Oh how I hate that Face.
Sylvan. I know you do.
Coriſc. Dear World farewell, and all delights adieu.

Silv.

Silvan. Sir, as you ever Faith and Justice prize,
Hear from my tongue that Witches Sorceries.
Their Entrance to the Cave's her Plot, and laid
Only to have her Rivals Life betray'd.
And yet by all the Oaths Art could design,
Or faithless Woman ever break, she's mine.
And mine by all her Conjurations, nay
To morrow was to be our Wedding day:
And all was but a trick to take me hence,
Least I should stay to prove her Innocence.
Never did such a monstrous spurious Race
Of Nature, Heav'n, and Natures works disgrace.

Mont. Is all this Truth?

Sylvan. Too true.

Mont. Just Heav'n forbid.
False Nymph, did You——

Coris. I know not what I did;
I Cheated Him, wrong'd Him, design'd Her Fall:
I have my Pardon, and I Own it all.

Mont. Had ever blood been so unjustly spilt.
But though I have forgiven your savage guilt,
I can't permit your breach of Faith; I must
Not only pardon you, but make you just.

Cor. I am all horrour.

Mirt. If this false-Fair ones Crimes you can forgive,
And take an humble penitent Fugitive,
She's yours.

Coris. Death and Confusion!

Mont. 'Twas breach of Faith was the provoking guilt,
In all the sufferings *Arcadia* felt.
But it shall end.

Sylv. You could not please me more.
This Nymph is all the Blessings I implore.
I hate her worse
Then Hell, and of all other hopes bereft, [*aside,*
Marriage is all the dear Revenge that's left.

Coris. Is this your promis'd mercy?

Let me meet Wracks, Death, any thing but him.
Mont. Is this your Penitence for your pardon'd Crime?
Coriſc. To Marry him is all the plagues of Hell:
Adders and Scorpions.
Sylvan. No, 'tis wondrous well.
I ſhall Convert thee, pretty Infidel.
Coriſc. Have you no mercy left? no pitty Sir?
Sylvan. Have you no Juſtice left? Give me but her——
Coriſc. Of all the Savages the World can find,
Let me but ſhun that Monſter of the kind.
Sylv. Of all the happineſs of humane Life,
I only beg that Jewel, for a Wife.
Cor. Oh Sir! you Stab me, Kill me——
Mont. When you Swore
You'd Marry him, were Oaths eſteem'd no more?
Forſaken Piety, where art thou fled?
Be juſt, as you wou'd ſave your forfeit Head.
Coriſc. I loath thy very ſight.
Sylv. And I love thee, my pretty Innocence,
As much as thy Hot blood loves Impotence.
Cor. Why then Inhumane will you Marry me?
Sylvan. To torture every Vein of thy falſe heart,
Make thy checkt pride at my dear Vengeance ſtart,
Thy torments will a ſecret Joy afford.
I was thy Slave, and now ſhall be thy Lord.
Nor hope I'le ſhun thy hated Bed; in ſpight
I'le Tyrannize all day, and ſport all night.
My Head I'le on thy perjur'd Boſom lay;
Ranſack thy ſpoyles, and chace thy ſleeps away.

Enter Sylvio *and* Dorinda, *who kneel to* Montano.
Coriſc. Yes, Villain do, and my Revenge ſhall be,
I will be kind to all thy Sex, but thee:
I'le make you a worſe Monſter than you are.
Oh I am Mad——
Sylvan. A very hopefull pair.
Coriſc. I'le meet thy loath'd embrace in ſuch a frightful ſhape,
That every Kiſs you force, ſhall be a Rape.

To

To *Mirt.* As I am doubly puniſht for my Crime,
At once in loſing you, and meeting him,
In pitty to the Ruins which you make,
Thoſe few ſtol'n minutes from her Arms you take,
Beſtow on me. You'l find me ſtrangely good.
I'le baniſh all the Feavour from my blood;
And love you with deſires ſo pure, ſo chaſt——

Sylvna. Stand off; the Witchcrafts of thoſe Eyes are paſt:
Dear Mine, I'le lay thy wandring Devils faſt.

Coriſc. You ſhall be welcome to my Soul, my Arms.
But if the force of her more pow'rful Charms
Hold you too ſure; to make him Jealous, be
So kind, as but to feign and flatter me.
Ayd the Revenge of an unhappy Wife,
And make him lead a wretched Husbands Life.

Sylvan. Let him come near thee, *Syren*, if he can;
Thy Slavery ſhall have ſo ſhort a chain,
I'le keep my aking Fore-head from that pain.

Coriſc. In all the Cheats I uſed, the tricks I plaid,
And all the Credulous Fools I have betray'd,
Free from all hainous Crimes I ſafely ſlept:
My Virgin Chaſtity entire I kept.
Did I preſerve my Innocence for this?
A Maid! dull Slave, *I* am too good for thee.
A Curſe upon my Idle Honeſty.

Sylvan. Can ſhe be honeſt then at laſt? If this
Be true, ye Gods, *I* ask no greater Bliſs.

Sylvio. Your Confirmation of our Loves has given
Me all the joys I wiſh on this ſide Heav'n.

Dorind. But *Sylvio* ſee you Love me as you ſhou'd,
And ſlight me not for want of Heav'nly blood.
But, Sir, if Love to Gods Allied can be,
I am as near of Kin to Heav'n as ſhe.

Enter Titiro.

Tit. Welcome to Life, and to thy Fathers Arms:
I am all joy: My Youth ne're felt ſuch Charms.

Here take her, Sir, and may you happy live. [*to* Mirt.
This day has all the longeſt Life could give.

Dorin. Gerana.

Ger. My dear Joy,

Dorind. The happy Dart
That *Sylvio* ſhot, brought me my *Sylvio*'s heart:
Through the dear Wound his Soul came fluttering in:
He'l Love, and Love, and never Hate agen.
But you have been unkind.

Ger. I?

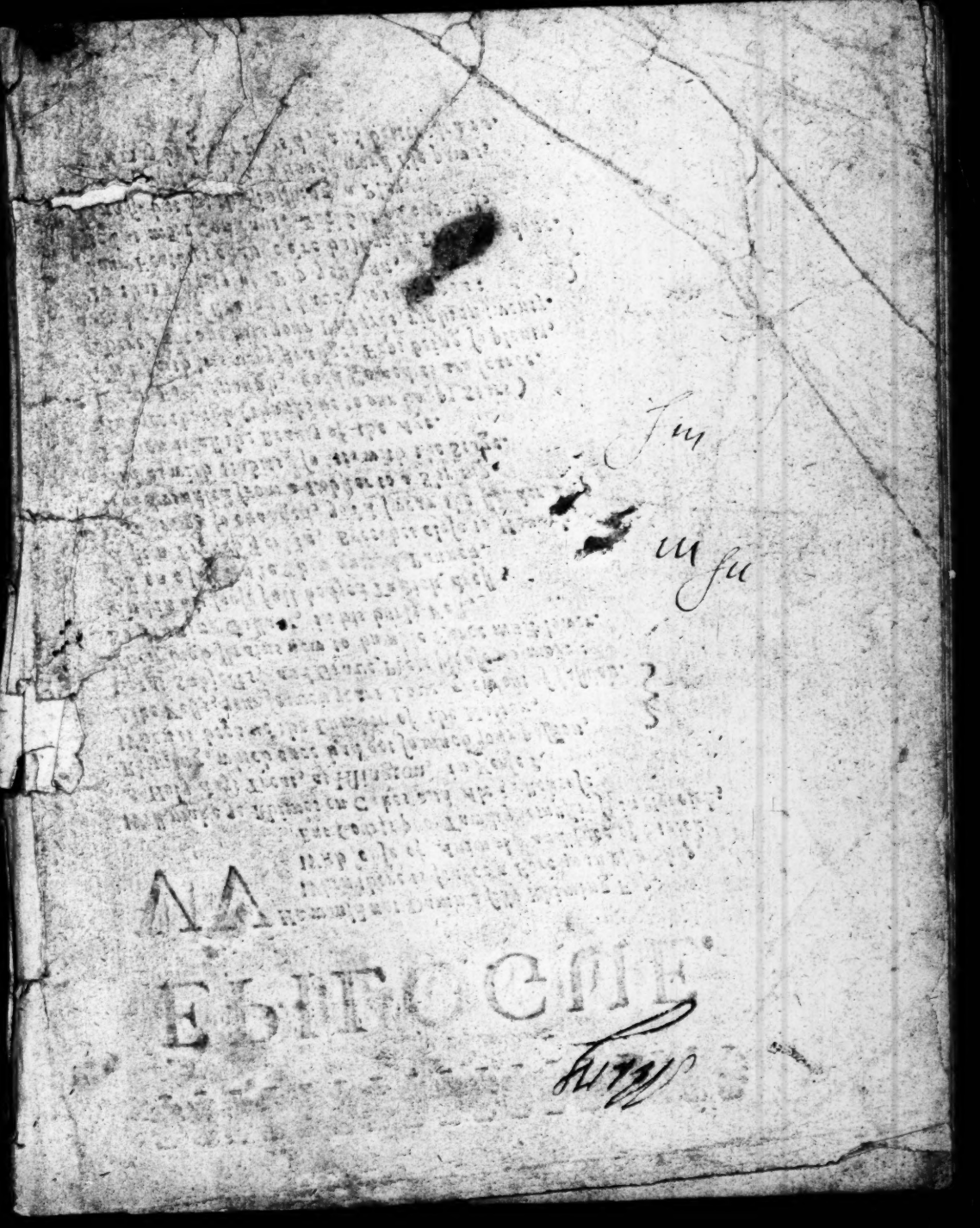
Dor. Yes, you ſaid
I ſhould not think of Love, Heav'n knows how long,
Till ſeaven years hence. But you were in the wrong;
My *Sylvio* finds no fault that I'm too Young.

Mont. Now my dear Children, ſhare your Fathers heart;
Love has this day play'd its Triumphant part.
But, *Cynthia*, all theſe Bleſſings ſpring from Thee;
Faith, Innocence, Truth, Juſtice, Conſtancy,
And every Grace that humane Breaſt inſpires,
Is but a ſpark of the Celeſtial fires.

Mirt. All other Vertues may be taught above;
But ye great Gods look down, and learn to Love.

Exeunt Omnes.

FINIS.

EPILOGUE.

WHo would not Damn a silly Rhiming Fop,
When there is scarce a Fore-man of a Shop,
With sense of Animal, and face of Stoick,
But Courts poor Tawdry Sempstress in Heroick;
Will make ye Rhimes on Cakes and Ale; Reherse
A Holy-days Treat, at Islington, *in Verse?*
Rhiming, which once had got so much your passion,
When it became the Lumber of the Nation,
Like Vests, your seaven years Love, grew out of fashion.
Great Subjects, and Grave Poets please no more:
Their high strains now to humble Farce must lower.
So strutting Gallant, in his burly Vest,
And in his loose full-bodyed Tunick dress't;
All on a sudden to Thin-gutted Paunch,
A slim French Jerkin, Breeches close to Haunch,
Was grown so changed, you'd swear the slender Imp
Was dwindled from a Lobster to a Shrimp.
And as with Habits, so 'tis with the Stage.
Fashion is all the Beauty of the Age.
And yet though (thanks be to our happy Stars)
We've Fools enough, good Comedies are scarce.
And Faith 'tis very strange, Fops being so plenty,
There's not one hits your Pictures, right in twenty.
And gad the Reason I have thought upon:
To that Peiety of Fop you run,
Your Features change e're half your Picture's done.
Be but more Constant, Fool but on one way,
And sit but out the finishing a Play,
[illegible] my honest word I'le pawn,
You may be better pleas'd, and better drawn.